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Edited by Mae Lucile Smith

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January, 1915

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SKY-LAND

STORIES OF PICTURESQUE NORTH CAROLINA

The People's Magazine

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Volume 1 **JANUARY, 1915** **Number 11**

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Postoffice at Winston-Salem, N. C., Under the Act of March 3, 1879

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SKY-LAND

STORIES OF PICTURESQUE NORTH CAROLINA

The People's Magazine

Volume 1 JANUARY, 1915 Number 11

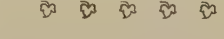
To the People of Winston and Salem and the Rural Communities of Forsyth County

SKY-LAND comes among you with a feeling somewhat akin to that of a timid, young bride when she goes into the home of her husband to meet his family for the first time. There is a peculiar feeling of apprehension; she wonders whether they will like and approve of her, whether her personality will appeal to them, her viewpoint be the same as theirs. So much depends upon the first impression. She feels that their criticism will be analytical and she shrinks from it. At the same time it is her secret and most ardent desire to win them.

When they take her to their hearts and pledge their love and fidelity to her interests what a burden is lifted from her soul! What an exhilarating uplift she experiences! Assured thus of their support and sympathy she sets out with new courage and inspiration to meet her problems and strives with redoubled energy to prove herself worthy of the confidence placed in her.

It is SKY-LAND'S intense desire to please you; to measure up to the high standard you seem to have set in all your undertakings. Will you take SKY-LAND to your hearts and with your usual broad chairty overlook her shortcomings, or better still, in a spirit of true helpfulness, point them out and offer suggestions for their remedy?

SKY-LAND believes you will and thanking you promises to strive bravely to prove herself worthy of your confidence.



For the information of those who may not be conversant with SKY-LAND'S policy, it may be well to outline it here:

SKY-LAND'S principal mission thus far has been to aid in giving wider publicity to the development of North Carolina's wonderful resources, the exploitation of her magnificent possibilities.

Encouraged by the popular favor the magazine has incurred, and in keeping with its policy of expansion, it is the editor's desire to broaden its scope of usefulness that it may become the vital exponent of the varied interests of the South. Although published on Southern soil, its contributors for the most part Southerners, sectionalism shall have no place in its pages; rather shall SKY-LAND seek to become the reflector of national ideals.

SKY-LAND is non-political, non-sectarian, and stands for the better things; for progressive movement; for reform where reform is needed; for larger culture; for happy home life. One of its highest aims is to aid in the upbuilding of Southern literature. In its new field another ambition is added, that of becoming the publicity organ of Winston and Salem and Forsyth county's multiplied interests.

It was with mature deliberation, after having carefully studied conditions in all the large towns in the State, that Winston-Salem was chosen the prospective home of SKY-LAND.

The solid foundation upon which Winston-Salem rests; the optimistic faith SKY-LAND has in the greatness of its future, founded on the fact that it is rapidly becoming a leader among the largest and best towns in the State; the earnest purposefulness of its excellent citizenship; the promise of co-operation and support by the leading business men all conspired to bring about the decision that Winston-Salem was the logical home for SKY-LAND.

Realizing that co-operation is the keynote to success in any undertaking, SKY-LAND not only craves the united good will of the people of Winston and Salem and Forsyth county, but asks their material support in the way of advertising patronage and subscriptions.

If SKY-LAND remains permanently with you, allied with your interests and working faithfully for the upbuilding of your communities, it must have this support in order to fulfill its mission. Otherwise it will be necessary to move it to another State which has offered an excellent support and other attractive inducements.

We therefore ask that you kindly examine the magazine carefully, the names of its advisory board, staff of contributors, its mechanical makeup, table of contents, familiarize yourself with its policy, and we believe you will not only find it worthy of your support, but that you will give that support right cheerfully from the outset.

Foreword

Selected Stanzas

No war of battle's sound
Was heard the world around;
The idle spear and shield were high uphung;
The hooked chariot stood
Unstained with hostile blood;
The trumpet spake not to the armed throng:
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of Peace upon the earth began.
The winds with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kissed,
Whispering new joys to the mild Ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

—From Milton's Hymn on the Nativity.

SKY-LAND

STORIES OF PICTURESQUE NORTH CAROLINA

The People's Magazine

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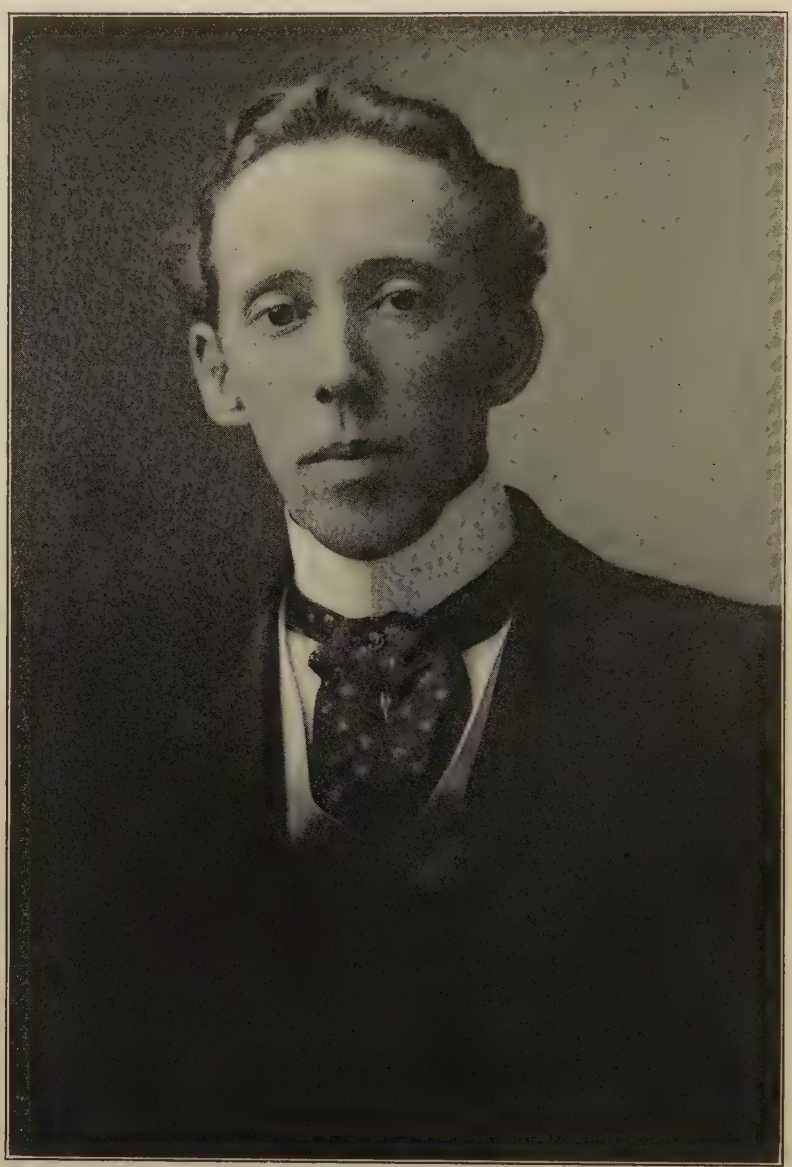

ARCHIBALD HENDERSON

EDITORIAL COMMENT

Sky-Land Speeds You the Season's Heartiest Good Wishes

As the greatest of all anniversaries draws near, it is SKY-LAND'S joy and privilege to again wish its advisory board, its contributors, readers, advertisers, and those faithful friends, who have been so loyal and true to its interests through the upward struggle the past year, the richest, happiest Christmas they have yet enjoyed.

May the approaching season be one of royal good cheer; may the Christ peace fill each heart, and the coming year bring with it abundant blessings.

Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Men

With the return of the World's greatest anniversary, the birthday of the Christ child, the Christmas spirit takes possession of us; and as we listen again to the Christ-old message,with its star-radiant, everlasting promise of peace on earth goodwill toward men, our hearts grow wistfully tender towards all the people of the earth.

Perhaps the meaning of the message in its fullest significance was never as clearly comprehended, as fully appreciated by us Americans as at the present crisis. While nation lifts its sword against nation, and the god of war ruthlessly claims its thousands and tens of thousands, the Dove of Peace hovers over our fair land with outstretched wing. No bloodshed, no famine—peace, plenty, our trade conditions which were temporarily demoralized becoming rapidly adjusted—surely with renewed gratitude we can lift our voices to the Giver of every good and perfect gift in a mighty anthem of praise—peace on earth good will towards men! Nor will we express our thanksgiving in lip service alone, but in deeds of loving sympathy and helpfulness towards the sorrowing and afflicted, for the American heart has been touched by the voice of mourning—the cry of starving millions, and the American heart responds to the call of distress from whatever quarter it may come.

From the very outset of the enactment of this the World's greatest tragedy, we have watched the fabric of a once vaunted civilization being ruthlessly torn asunder, and have recoiled at the daring savagery of primitive passion, unbridled and unrestrained, as it wreaked its vengeance upon innocent heads.

Sick with the horror of it the voice of the American nation rose in a mighty cry to God for merciful intervention, that peace on earth good will towards men might have its way. But the ear of the Almighty heeded not at that time, the sovereign will must be accomplished in fulfillment of the prophecy that there shall be war and rumors of war.

And now as we come again to celebrate the Nativity—the light of a great peace flooding our souls—in sympathy profound our hearts turn to blood-stained Europe. Peace on earth good

will towards men! We seem to see the sacred words stained as it were with the dark tracery of blood, and to hear the anguished wail of a stricken people—How long, oh Lord, how long?

Where military despotism holds sway and mediaeval barbarism stalks naked and unafraid the words of the sacred message—peace on earth good will towards men—take on the ring of hollow mockery, feeble in force and meaningless as the incoherent chant of a despairing soul before some heathen idol. And out of the depths of our hearts we cry:

"Lord bid war's trumpet cease;
Fold the whole earth in peace
Under thy wings;
Make all thy Nations one,
All hearts beneath thy sun,
Till thou shalt reign alone,
Great God of kings.

Peace on earth good will towards men! Surely the mad lust for blood must soon be sated. Faint with its wreaking stench the nations must shortly be surfeited. Yet a little while and peace on earth good will towards men shall reign in the God-cleansed heart of the Universe. And there shall be no more wars, neither rumors of wars, nor shall there be lamentation in Ramah, Rachel weeping for her children and refusing to be comforted because they are not. Even now the Dove of Peace may be hovering over Europe's blood-drenched soil with olive branch outstretched to all the nations of the earth, and the reign of Universal Peace may be but a brief way off.

"At Christmas-tide the open hand
Scatters its bounty o'er sea and land,
And none are left to grieve alone,
For Love is heaven and claims its own."

FIREWORKS AND MISTLETOE

FIRE-WORKS and mistletoe, holly-wreaths and plum pudding; kind thoughts, good will, generous deeds; the rush of merry crowds, the lure of shop-windows; gifts, carols, the medley of bells and laughter; the tinkle of coins in Salvation Lassies' tambourines; strings of colored pop-corn, Red-Cross stamps, cornucopias; the Society For the Prevention of Useless Giving with hand raised like a policeman attempting to regulate traffic; myths and memories,—Santa Claus in ermined pomp, toy-filled stockings, gilt trimmed pine-trees aglitter with lighted candles; the recollection of friends and the resurrection of relatives; the impulse of altruism and the spirit of optimism; cheerful hearts, hospitality, organ-music, and above snow-covered roofs one clear star in the evening sky,—Christmas!

The same old Christmas.

With a difference.

Our Christmas, like our climate, is slowly changing, so slowly that the most of us are not aware of a change. The celebration of the day is less simple than it used to be, less significant in its religious import. It is becoming a secular holiday rather than a religious holiday. The religious observation of Christmas is unlessened in extent and undiminished in sincerity, but the secular obligations and festivities which have come to be part and parcel of the Christmas season have so rapidly and greatly increased that the celebration of the churches is over-shadowed. We still have our special religious services and our inspiring church music, but is it not true that many of us have our minds more on the turkeys than the text? In how many homes is Christmas celebrated with the paramount thought that it is Christ's natal day?

Gift-giving, from voluntary offerings to the poor, has come to be an obligatory exchange among the well-to-do; resulting in petty jealousies, heart-burnings and foolish expenditures. The money which people can not afford to spend, and do spend in an effort to keep up with the Christmas gift-giving of their friends and relatives is a very considerable amount, and one which is every year increasing.

The Society For the Prevention of Useless Giving, conveniently termed the "Spugs," is doing good work to check this harmful extravagance, but its attention so far has been confined to the working classes, with an effort to stop gift-giving by employees to their employers in those cases, largely in department stores, where the custom has developed into graft, and the employee who does not give stands in fear of losing his or her position. There is an equally worthy work for the "Spugs" among the well-to-do; a fertile field here awaits the Society's attention. Let this Society confine its efforts for a while to people who, moderately well off, are rich in friends and acquaintances; for if there is useless and harmful giving anywhere, it is in this class.

In the country districts the celebration of Christmas has changed also. The good old-fashioned country Christmas is still to be found—for which we must be grateful—but in too many districts the celebration of this holiday has degenerated into a bucolic orgy. It is a notorious fact that the liquor houses of the country do a bigger business at Christmas than at any other time of the year. In many parts of several states "Order Your Christmas Whiskey Early" is the new slogan which has replaced the old one,—"Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men."

If Christmas is becoming a secular holiday rather than a religious holiday, it is nevertheless true, and in this thought we must take comfort, that a great part of the secular celebrations—the greater part, let us hope—springs from an impulsive generosity which in its results works for the same good end as the religious celebrations,—benefit to the needy. The desire to put out a helping hand, to lighten a fellow creature's burden is still an integral part of the Christmas spirit; however it may be manifested. The change is in the expression of the spirit, not in the spirit itself.

No finer example of this spirit of generosity is to be found than in the sailing of the S. S. Jason from New York on November eleventh last, with a cargo of Christmas gifts and toys for children who have been orphaned and families who have been impoverished by the war in Europe. The "Christmas-Ship" carried no less than sixty carloads of presents given by Americans from one end of the country to the other; five million gifts to be distributed alike among the homes of the warring nations,—in England, Belgium, France, Germany, Austria and Servia. Merry Christmas to all!

Yes, the same old Christmas.

With a difference.

But the difference, thank God, is not in our hearts.

North Carolina at the Panama Exposition

THE Commonwealth of North Carolina will be represented at the Panama-Pacific International Exhibition at San Francisco, by a complete, worthy, and attractive display of its resources. The commissioners appointed by Governor Craig to arrange for this exhibit are joining hands with the people of the

State as well as with the great industries in order to make the exhibit a truly representative one.

The woods, timbers, minerals, gems, crops, and development of North Carolina will be shown in exhibits, photographs, and the moving-picture film. Three hundred and fifty North Carolina boys, representing every county, will represent the State at the great convention of Boys' Corn Clubs, to be held at the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

The Agricultural Department of the State wishes to be sure of the finest specimens of crops, etc., and will welcome samples of unusual size, information as to the location of notable oak and poplar trees, and any further aid in making the State's exhibit the really striking display which it must be to be truly representative.

Dress, Morals, Magazines and the Dance

THE twelfth biennial convention of the General Federation of Women's Clubs was held in Chicago, with an attendance of over seventeen hundred. Woman's suffrage received the endorsement of the convention, but with a minority protest attached. Live issues of the day were discussed, and resolutions passed bearing on dress, morals, magazines, and the dance. Extreme styles of today in dress were heavily scored as immoral. In this connection, the following excerpts from the pertinent paper read by Mrs. Robert J. Burdette, of California, are well worth noting:

"The morals of a woman are read in her gowns, and slovenly dress and indicates her mental traits; the woman who is addicted to extreme styles is sure to be an extremist in everything else. But every woman who wears immoral clothes is not necessarily immoral: women recklessly and relentlessly follow prevailing fashions without knowing why.

"No matter if the neck be exposed nearly to the waist-line, and the limbs nearly halfway to the knees, if only the style be followed, health and suggestiveness are lost sight of in the craze to be in fashion.

"As the fashions are today, a woman would have to design nearly everything for herself if she would not wear immoral clothes, for fashions, especially French fashions, are not designed for good women. Good women will not spend money enough to suit the merchants. That is the reason that every new fashion is designed originally for the demimonde of Paris. Throughout Europe, the women of nobility and social position are like wrens compared with the cockatoos of the half-world. It is an unpleasant thought that it is the latter who set the standard which our fashionable women follow with naive avidity.

"The following of fashion dictation causes foolish women to eat their hearts out with longings they cannot gratify; leads to unhappiness, the ruination of homes, and the bartering of virtue itself."

The suggestive magazine story received its due in the resolution adopted protesting against the risque story, and pledging members of the Federation to subscribe only for those publications whose columns are clean.

Another resolution censured immodest forms of dancing.

Sex-lessons in public schools were discussed, and Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, superintendent of the Chicago public schools told the delegates that sex lectures to the school children in Chicago were a success.

"The girls, enlightened, left the lecture halls with uplifted chins, in conscious-

ness of the womanhood that was in them, instead of with the smirks of ignorance." She said, "I am convinced of the value of these lectures. They teach respect for the body; and this respect will solve the problem of personal hygiene."

Presidents of the State Federations, in short talks, stated the greatest needs of their States.

Mrs. Percy V. Pennypacker was re-elected President of the General Federation.

A feature of the varied program was a speech by Miss Margaret Wilson, daughter of President Woodrow Wilson, who made a plea for the erection of community centers, where residents of towns and cities could meet to discuss questions of public importance.

The North Carolina Federation of Women's Clubs was well represented at the Convention, which was the most successful ever held.

Christmas Contemplation.

By V. W. T.

IT IS a strange perversion, and would be ludicrous were it not so grimly tragic. The time when Christendom unites in commemorating the Supreme Gift. the time which ought to be permeated with deep and abiding peace and serene and spontaneous joy in the dissemination of happiness,—that time is, of all times, filled to overflowing with turmoil and rush and confusion and over-strained temper. "Oh, well," says many a burdened housekeeper, "Christmas ought to be a time of gladness; we ought to take pleasure in giving. But is the game worth the candle? There is so much to do, and so many people to be remembered. And the giving is on so lavish a scale; people expect so much now; and the whole thing has become a drain on one's finances as well as one's strength and temper."

"How silently, how silently, the wondrous Gift is given." But how ostentatiously, how blatantly do we too often mock the season with our conventional and selfish giving. We chase after shadows and lose the substance. We miss the whole meaning of Christmas The season which should renew and increase our strength and happiness, too often results in dissipation of strength and leaves us nervous wrecks. And the whole trouble is that we have lost touch with fundamental principles, and are living on the surface. We are slaves to convention.

"Which things," as the Apostle says, "are an allegory." For Christmas is not the only occasion which we mar by superficial and conventional observance. The whole trend of modern life, with its complexity and artificiality, is in that direction. The deepest joys, the strongest emotions, are the most elementary. And are we in danger of losing them because we have departed far from Nature and are out of touch with the things that are fundamental. And the result is neurasthenia,—and all the other modern diseases with long Greek names,—diseases to which our fathers were happily strangers. We well may, in all truth and sincerety, echo Kipling's prayer: "Give us the hearts of our fathers of old."

"Lo! now is come our joyful feast!
Let every man be jolly;
Each room with ivy leaves is drest,
And every post with holly."

"The Hemans of America"

IN THE light of the present activities of the" wild women of England," it is interesting to note that there were Hemans in America as long ago as 1846. and the following appeal to them to rock their country's cradles instead of its votes is particularly apt at this time. It was written by Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, and appeared in THE LADIES' WREATH sixty-eight years ago. Its singsong meter and grandiloquent style suggest the pig-tailed and white-frocked schools girl on the commencement platform, but shall we suggest that its sentiment is altogether old-fashioned? No, sister—No.

THE HEMANS OF AMERICA

How shall we aid the land we live?
O'er musty tomes to pore
And catch the warrier's wrathful mood
From Amazonian lore?
In turbulence or pride incite,
And quench of peace the seraph light?
Relinquish for a meteor's glare
The boon of love's protecting care?
Ambition's wind-swept heights assail
And shun the sweet domestic vale?
No, sister; no.

How aid our land? The fearless voice
Mid public haunts to raise?
Or barter for an empty fame
Affection's priceless praise?
For Women's Rights to clamor loud
And dare the throng and face the crowd?
Or, in the wild desire to roam
Forget those charities of home,
That pain to soothe, that grief control
And lull to harmony the soul?
No, sister; no.

In our own sphere, the hearth beside,
The patriot's heart to cheer;
The young unfolding mind to guide,
The future sage to rear;
Where sleeps the cradled infant fair,
To watch with love and kneel in prayer—
Bless each sad soul with pity's smile,
And frown on every latent wile
That threats the pure domestic shade,
Sister—so best our life shall aid
The land we love.

Full Time--Full Pay.

AMID the general business depression in this country following the outbreak of hostilities in Europe the operatives of the cotton mills of the south stand forth among those less seriously affected by the conflict than perhaps any other class. With few exceptions the big cotton-mills of the South are running on full time with full pay-rolls and full pay. The employees of the cotton-mills are not numbered among the people thrown out of work by the war. For once, the sympathy of those uniformed reformers who regard cotton-mills as Dante regarded the Inferno, is so obviously out of place as to be shame-faced into silence. The cotton-mill operatives are in luck, and they know it! With full time and full pay, in spite of the general business depression, there will be no lack of Christmas cheer and Christmas turkeys this year in cotton-mill towns.

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Sworn to and subscribed before me.

C. S. FULLBRIGHT,
Notary Public.

(My commission expires April 8th, 1916.)

THE CHRISTMAS STAR

A STORY OF THE TYROL

By Payne Erskine

FAR up in the high Tyrolian mountains in the village of Bergendorf, two children stood before the window of a small shop gazing at the pretty things displayed there for sale. They held between them each clinging to the handle, a basket in which something had been carefully packed, and covered with an old blue cloth. The children had been many times to this shop, but never before had they seen it so gay, nor the window so wonderful, for the deep recess had been made to look like a snowy bower, and in the midst a little tree had been set,—a very green tree, with stiff branches.

All over the floor of the space, and under the tree, white cotton had been laid, sprinkled with sparkling, silver tinsel. It looked like glistening snow. At one side were little figures of shepherds standing or kneeling about on the ground, and close to them were small woolly sheep and lambs standing in the snow on stiff wooden pegs.

Before them draped in a long blue cloak, sat a figure of the sweet Mother Mary, holding in her arms the infant Jesus. Leaning over her was a figure of a bearded man with a staff in his hand, who was Joseph, and close behind him was a funny little brown donkey with his head over a tiny manger wherein was a wisp of hay.

Three old men in brown cloaks, were standing near. They had long white beards, and each held in his hand a gilt box. These were the wise men who had been following the star which should lead them to the little Child Jesus. In their boxes they had gifts for the Babe. The children gazed earnestly and lovingly, pointing out this and that to each other, with little fingers red with cold, and whispering together, for they knew the story.

There it was all pictured before them just as they had been told it—the story of the Holy Babe born so long ago in a manger, because there was no room for His parents at the inn. They did not know which they admired most,—the shepherds and the wise men and the sheep, or the tree glittering with its frost and silvery tinsel and frail glass balls of brilliant hues. Upon the tree were wonderful tissue flowers, and ornaments like shining ice drops everywhere, and tiny ruby colored birds, with shimmering, spun glass tails.

A pair of plump, white hands appeared out of the darkness of the interior of the shop and fastened a little pink and white angel dressed in a flowing robe of the thinnest blue silk, with a golden crown on its head, and with spreading wide white wings, in the very tip top of the tree, where it hung with outstretched arms, as if it were blessing all beneath it.

"Oh, Marta, Marta, look!" Is that the Holy Mother?"

"No, Carl Witner, such a baby you are! Can't you see that the Holy mother is sitting down there with the

little Jesus in her arms, and all the sheep looking ?"

"Who is it then on the tree? Oh look!"

The plump hands again came out of the darkness, and this time they left two little white doves swinging among the green twings with wings wide spread as if they were flying through the tree.

"Look, look!" Carl pointed with his fat little red forefinger.

"That is only the angel to sing 'Peace on earth,' and the doves are the 'Peace.' Come Carl. You stay too long looking."

"Wait Marta, until I see the lambs and the shepherds, and the Holy Mother some more. Grannie said you should wait on me a little."

A big man, a stranger from America entered the shop, and stood where there was barely room for him to turn around. He began talking to the woman whose hands were busy with the Christmas symbols. She paid no attention to the children who came timidly and stood inside the doorway waiting. She was answering the big man's questions and wondering why he asked them.

"Herr Witner? Oh, he is dead these many years."

"Then the inn belongs to his son, now?"

"His son? No, he is long ago killed in the war. Before his father died was he killed."

"Killed in the war! So, so. Then is the inn closed and I have no place to stay in the village. I must go on."

The woman paused a moment in her work, and turned facing him with her arms akimbo. "Did I say closed?" She lifted her head with a backward toss, then spied the children and leaned far over the counter toward them. "You have brought them at last? Well, it is time, too."

She took their basket and placed it on the counter before her, and lifted the cloth and took out the articles it covered. Coarse, heavy wool mittens and men's hose they were. She took them to the window and examined them carefully and frowned as she looked them over.

"Here are dropped stitches again, many of them. You must be more careful Marta, and watch. I will have to take off a few pfenigs on these brown ones."

"But Grannie cannot see any more now, and since it is cold, we must always have the door shut, and we have no candles, so I cannot see, for she knits sitting in the dark."

"What is that? No candles! And I gave you two last week,—good candles, so you might see to take up the stitches your grandmother drops." The child hung her head and said nothing. The woman looked at her sharply. "What became of those candles?"

"Grannie said candles were no good to her now she is blind, and she made me take them to Herr Witner to sell them for money."

"Well,—go on. Did you get money for them?"

"Grannie said when we need food to eat, it is a sin to burn up good money in candles."

The child's voice shook. She tied the ends of her gay little head kerchief tightly under her chin, and took her brother's hand in hers for comfort in her embarrassment. When the mistress of the shop leaned far over the counter in this way, and spoke loudly, there seemed to the big man to be no room for him in there, but he did not leave for that. He stood in the doorway and examined carefully a carved tobacco pipe that hung with other pipes by the window, and listened.

"Go on, I say. Did you get money for my good candles?"

"Herr Witner said he could not give

money for candles these days, for he had no guests at the inn, but he gave us meal for our puddings, and a little meat fat, and some salt."

Then the woman behind the counter began to scold roundly, and the children shook with fear at her high words, but they dared not run away, because they must have their basket, and the pay for their grannie's knitting; so they stood before her holding hands and trembling with their round eyes opened wide. But it was not at them she was scolding. It was at their grannie, and most of all at the inkeeper.

"Scrapings from his dirty meat platters, and a little mouldy meal and salt to flavor it,—gives he—for my good candles? So stupid is your grannie! Does she think because she is blind and must knit in the dark, that you need no light to see to take up the stitches that she drops in her blindness? Here, here are more candles,—two of them,—they are for you Marta. Tell your grannie, if she gives them away to Herr Witner for money or anything else, I will take off a pfenig for every dropped stitch I find.?"

She wrapped the candles in a scrap of paper and placed them in the bottom of the basket. "There now! Why are the brown ones so badly done and the others better? See here how she has dropped her stitches and crossed her threads in them, and in the others not?"

"Because by the firelight, I see when we boil our soup. It is too cold to open the door any more, and Grannie sits far back in the corner where it is warmest, and the brown is hard for me to see in the shadows. The red, and blue, and those white are better."

"Yes, yes. But who will buy them? Times are hard this Christmas, and no people at the inn. I will send only white and red and blue yarn this time."

She busily sorted out skeins of heavy woolen yarn from a drawer behind the counter and packed them in the basket.

"What is this? You are careless to leave it in among the mittens. It has fallen on the floor and I might not have seen it." She held up a letter and scanned the address, taking it to the window to make it out. This is not the same address. Has your mother moved again? Who writes your letters for you? Tony Schmidt I warrant you. And you were waiting here for the pfenigs to pay him? Here, I'll copy off the name of the street and write her myself. She has not sent me the old women's caps she promised me, nor the red roses for the maiden's hair. How can she expect me to sell for her if she sends me nothing?"

"Mamma has been sick. She had to move where her room would not cost so much, and now all her money is gone. She could not get the flowers made."

Two women came into the Shop and the man stepped outside to make room for them, and stood looking in at the window as the children had done. He could hear all the women were saying, for it was a very, very small shop with a wide doorway, and the window was so large and deep that there seemed to be more window than shop. Never-the-less, the small shop held a great many things to sell, of different kinds, and there was a little room back of the shop where the woman kept cheeses and bread, and even sausages and dried fish.

The two women asked to see a great many things and bargained a long time, but they bought very little and this gave the woman of the shop more to scold about when they were gone. The children lingered. Behind the women's wide skirts they were almost hidden. They wanted their letter which Tony Schmidt had written for them, and the

few pfenigs for their Grandmother's knitting so they might pay for it and then post it before they climbed back the long way up the mountain to their poor little home.

In a dark corner of the shop, still holding hands, silent as little mice, they waited, and the two women gossipped with the woman behind the counter and forgot the listening children.

"It serves Jacinta Belini right. She should have married the Innkeeper when he asked her. She is too proud." said one.

"Yes, yes. Much too proud. And he is her husband's own cousin. To have married him would have given her children back the inn, which should have been theirs by right. She serves her pride by robbing her children."

The woman behind the counter said nothing. She had her back toward them searching on her shelves for what they desired to see.

"Surely," said the first. "And now she lies sick in Innsbruck, and all her money gone, and cannot come home to see her old blind mother and her children at Christmas. Well, well!"

"Where did you hear so much news?" asked the shop woman, glancing sharply at them over her shoulder.

"From Tony Schmidt. He writes their letters for them now that her mother is gone quite blind. It is a lesson to us all, that pride is a great sin."

"Yes," said the shop woman, "it is a great sin in the poor not to do what the rich ask of them. Why do you call her Jacinta Belini? Is not her name Witner just as much now, as before her husband's cousin came to the inn? If that old will had only been burned long ago as it ought to have been, (for sure there must have been a later one somewhere). If it had been lost instead of the other, the inn and all in it would have been hers, and the inheritance have gone to the children as it ought and then all the village would have spoken of Jacinta Witner out of the other side of their mouths. Now she sins greatly—because she will not marry old Jacob at the inn, that crooked old sinner with one eye."

But the two women only wagged their heads the more for her scolding, as they tossed over the goods before them on the counter, and this is what they said and their prating made a sort of duet.

"Yes, when Jacinta Belini was the wife of Adolf Witner, she held her head high, while every one knew she was only the daughter of Theressa Belini, the servant of her mother-in-law."

"It was very generous of old Jacob Witner to ask her in marriage, and what is it for a man to be a little crooked in his back when he has a chest full of money and lives in such a fine house of his own?"

"No, I do not wish for the hair ornament, nor the ribbon of velvet."

"Your things are far too dear. We can buy cheaper by sending to my cousin in Innsbruck."

Then the shop woman saw that she had spoken too freely for her own good, and that she would sell nothing unless she tempered her speech with a bit of flattery,—which always went against the grain with her,—so she smiled and put away the ornaments and the ribbon.

"I know, Frau Hannemann, you are not for foolish trinkets. Then you will take only the linen thread for your lace? And how many bobbins? Four? This is fine thread. Oh, it is very strong. It should be good, for your lace is so beautiful, only thread that will wear forever should be put in it.

Deftly she tied the bobbins in paper, and turned to the other woman who was tossing over some silken head kerchiefs of brilliant hues.

"And you, Frau Leisch? What will you have? This lovely kerchief,—no? But it is such excellent material—such pure silk! And the cerise border—so beautiful! How well this would become your daughter! For the quality it is not at all dear, and now, for Christmas, one may always pay a little more for a gift and stretch a point. One buys better things at Christmas than at any other time, and your daughter needs this, for I saw on Sunday how her old one is quite shabby.

"No, no. I cannot take it. Her husband buys her enough—and more than enough. He is very extravagant—that man. He is forever buying. It is thus with the young in these days. They squander what their parents worked hard and saved for them." And the two women hurried out before they should be tempted to spend any more money in the shop.

Then the big man came back and asked the price of the carved pipe he had been inspecting.

"That pipe is ten marks, sir."

He smiled to himself, looking down at the pipe in his hand, "Ten marks! I have known one like this to sell for less than half that."

Then the mistress of the shop grew more voluble and impatient. "Ten marks, not a pfenig less. I have been offered twenty for it, and would not take it. Now I ask half that, because in these days people are such fools they do not know what is fine. That pipe was made long ago by a wonderful carver. The mountain does not have his like now, and he is gone—dead—perhaps—no one knows what has become of him. This have I kept all these years because no one knew its value, and now I ask but ten marks for it, and you cry 'so much!' Bah!"

She turned from him to the children. "Here little ones. Here is your basket; I have put a cheese in it for your Grannie, so. Here are the pfenigs for the knitting, and the two candles. This time I take off nothing for the dropped stitches, but hereafter do you watch well to take them up as I have taught you, or I will take off a pfenig for every one I find, so. Here are the loaves of bread. Yau carry the loaves Carl,—there—don't fall with them. Now, off with you. It will snow before night."

The good soul sighed as she watched them climb the narrow, cobble paved street, casting many a backward glance at her window where glittered the little frosted Christmas tree with its pink angel, and the two white doves of peace. She shook her head as she turned again to her work in the shop.

The big man smiled at her jovially. "I will take the pipe, and give you twenty marks for it." he said.

"How? And I asked but ten. Ah, well. You men are not all fools. You can see how wonderful is the carving. He was an artist, that lad." Still she sighed and shook her head as she folded paper carefully around the pipe and tied it with an end of blue yarn.

"But why do you shake your head so sadly over a piece of work so well done, and when you get twice what you ask for it.?"

"Because that lad is now dead—no doubt he is dead—and with him are gone a fine family of good, simple folk. The inn above us there, overlooking the lake, it was his father who kept it, and his father before him, and so back for many generations. Now they are gone, and an upstart with no true right to it sits in the great chair by the old hearth, and the little ones there, you saw them, turned out of their birthright. Ah, I know. No one need tell me there was not thievery about it. Well, if you have

no more purchases to make, I must be about my work, so good day to you,—and thanks."

"But if you please, I have more to buy of you."

His blue eyes twinkled as he glanced all about the shop, as if he kept pleasant thoughts to himself. While she spread the articles he asked for before him he drew from her much of the gossip of the village. Although he was a stranger, he seemed interested in all she had to tell, and that made her enjoy talking to him, and when he at last left the shop they had become well pleased with each other.

Then he too climbed the narrow village street as the children had done, but he did not look back. No, he walked on as if he had some purpose in his mind and not as an idle sightseer. Still, he noticed all about him, and looked in at the shop windows, but he did not linger at any of them.

It was a little village, this of Bergendorf, and the shops were few, but the windows of all of them were gay with the little green trees covered with sparkling dust like frost and ice, to make them look as much like the real trees on the mountain as possible.

Far up the mountain side, wherever a little earth lay in the hollows and crevices among the rocks, trees were growing, clinging to the wild hillsides with their strong roots lest the fierce winter winds should dislodge them and send them crashing down the mountain. To the children looking up at them from the village street they looked indeed like those stiff little Christmas trees in the windows, with their branches covered with icicles clear as crystals sparkling in the early morning sun, with the white snow festooned over them and through all the dark needles of the pines and the small twigs of the fir trees showed a rich dark green against the white snow of the mountains.

By many signs one would know, just by climbing up the village street as the big man was doing, that Christmas was near. Fathers and mothers as they passed by to their work would stop and gaze in at the windows of the shops and calculate the cost of the gifts displayed there, and count over their wages, to see if they could buy for the little ones at home what gifts and how many.

The shop woman was curious as she watched the big man taking the steep high way that led straight from her shop to the inn overlooking the lake.

"Now surely he is going there and will hear the other side of the story if he tries to learn anything,—but no. Old Jacob is close mouthed. He now has everything, and that is enough for him."

But she was mistaken, for the big man turned about and took the path the children had taken, which led crookedly up the mountain side.

"Now he will get lost. Americans are foolhardy folk. What does he know about our Alps?"

Still he climbed on easily, as if he knew well what he was doing, and soon was lost to her sight as the path wound. Snow had begun to fall softly, like a white veil being cast over the mountain, fine and thin, waving in the light breeze. It was only a flurry, then the clouds parted a little and through the rift the sun shone dazzlingly white on the pure, unsullied snow all about him, Hardly could he see for the brilliance of it, and he blinked his eyes and looked down at the path beneath his feet.

Until then he had only looked off over the hills, breathing deeply, and flinging his arms above his head now and then with a free, happy motion, as if he were exhilarated by the height and

the depth, and the wide reaches of space all about him, and by the pure, cold air; so, if the sun had not shone out all at once, he might not have looked down at his feet to avoid the piercing brilliance, and thus he might have missed seeing something in the path that interested him and made him smile.

They were little foot prints, two sizes, one broad and stodgy and the other slender and long. The longer one only lightly pressed the snow, and left no dragging lines between the prints, as if the little feet had been lifted lightly and easily, springing upward like a chamois. As the big man stood regarding the foot prints, he heard a low, murmuring sound like a child's voice chanting a prayer monotonously. He waited, listening to the sweet sound in the still air. Whence did it come? It must be just beyond the next turn, surely.

He crept softly forward and rounded the next turn, making no sound, for the newly fallen snow was like velvet under his feet. There at the path side under a small arched niche cut in the solid rock wall of the mountain, was a figure of the Holy Mother, who held in her arms the little Christ, and in the snow before it knelt the children, Marta and Carl, their backs toward the path, and their faces lifted toward the little Christ. Their basket was between them, and Carl still held the loaves hugged to his breast, as he clasped his little red hands and prayed.

Then he stood up and pulled at his sister to follow him. "Come Marta, come." he said.

"Hush Carl. We have only thanked the Holy Mother for the good things in the basket. Wait till I tell her what we need. The little Christ will give us a Christmas if we ask him, for it is His birthday."

So she went on murmuring her prayer, and the big man listened, He could not hear all she asked, but enough to touch his heart with pity. She would have her grandmother made to see again, and she would have shoes for her little brother, yet as she knelt there he could see that those which covered her own small feet were sadly worn. She asked that her mother might be made well and come to them, and that she might bring her little brother an orange, and some good coffee to her grandmother, and a warm shawl of wool to keep her from shivering when they opened the door of their hut for light. Dear, dear! there were many things she wanted, but he could not catch it all.

Then the big man turned about and went back the way he came, until he was out of sight from where the children were. There he stopped and measured the little footprints in the snow, the length of each one, and the width also. Then thrusting his hands deep in his pockets he descended the mountain, moving swiftly, with bowed head, and eyes fixed thoughtfully on the path beneath his feet, following the little foot prints until they were lost in the prints of other feet all up and down the narrow, crooked village street.

Well, and now what should he do? It was high noon, and he would go to the inn and eat. Yes he could do that, and he must hurry, for he had a thing to do before he again climbed the mountain path. He went to the inn and ordered something to eat, and while it was in preparation he walked up and down the verandah overlooking the lake, now all frozen over and covered with snow except in places where the snow had been cleared away for the village people to skate. Far out on the edge of one cleared place he saw a boy and a girl kneeling, fastening their skates. The boy finished fastening his own, and

went over to the girl, and knelt at her feet and examined the straps to see that they were properly buckled. Then hand in hand they skimmed over the clear, blue ice like birds. As the big man watched them something seemed to have got in his twinkling blue eyes. They blinked, and blinked again, and he turned and abruptly entered the inn.

"It is the sun. It is so brilliant out there." he muttered.

He sat himself down at the little table where his dinner had been placed and ate in silence, paying no heed to the innkeeper, who tried to attract his attention by walking past him, and clearing his throat each time he came near, with little coughs. Evidently the big man did not wish to talk, so the inkeeper returned to his desk and his accounts.

It was still early in the afternoon when the big man began to climb the mountain along the same path he had taken in the morning. The sun no longer shone brilliantly, for thin clouds were blowing across the sky and a fine snow was beginning to sift through the air. He was a strong, vigorous man, and he climbed rapidly, as if he were not unused to mountain paths. Now and then he glanced up, and saw that the sun was looking faintly through the clouds, a pale diaphonous glow only, like a phantom sun. Yes, he had need to climb rapidly, for he had far to go, and should the snow thicken, the path might be obliterated.

He now carried a pack upon his back, like any Alpine climber, and he walked with a good strong Alpine stock in his hand, which he planted sturdily down at each step lifting himself easily upward like a born mountaineer. A moment he paused at the little stone niche in the rock wall of the mountain, where he had seen the children praying, then strode on, for the sun was growing fainter, and the snow falling faster. He had no fear of losing his way as long as the daylight lasted, and the twilight is long in the Alps, but in places the path was narrow and the way steep.

In places the land fell away below him precipitously, now on one side and now on the other, and once he came to where it fell away on both sides leaving only a narrow ridge for a footway; and now, with the soft snow beneath his feet the walking was hard, and often his feet slipped dangerously, but he thrust in his stout staff with its sharp point and climbed steadily on.

When he paused and looked back his brow grew tense and thoughtful. Below him the little town of Bergendorf was becoming lost to sight in the whirling snow, and above him, the highest peaks by which he had been guiding his steps were also becoming lost in that soft, silent veil of whiteness. He lifted his round felt hat from his moist, curling hair and shook the snow from it, and beat the heaps off which had lodged on his shoulders and on his pack. He shifted his pack a little as if he were growing a bit tired, then he trudged on.

He reasoned that as long as he could see the path beneath his feet he need not lose his way, and surely he must be nearly at his journey's end and would soon find the hut he was seeking. So he whistled as he climbed. But the higher he went the wilder seemed the way and the more uncertain. At last he came to where the path seemed to be divided into two paths quite plainly marked, as if they were made by human feet. Which should he take?

He knelt and brushed away the soft snow, to try to find the traces of feet, in the harder snow beneath, now along one path he searched and now along

the other, but nothing could he find to help him. He stood and mused. If only the clouds over the mountain top would part a little, or blow away,—but they seemed to be thickening and the darkness settling down around him, in spite of the whiteness, It was a thick, impenetrable whiteness close to him.

As he stood there at the parting way, the air currents began to stir and drive the snow past him, piling it high on the one path, and clearing the other. He laughed and stepped forward into the cleared space, for, he said "Little Marta would say the Holy Mother had sent the breath of wind to show me the way." It was only a childish superstition he knew, but he followed it, for when there was no way of knowing why not take the easiest path, and trust to luck that it would be the right one.

He laughed again as he gazed into the darkening sky, and then walked cautiously on, feeling with his stout staff before him and on either side to make sure that the solid ground was beneath each step he took. "Trust to luck? and what is luck? Say trust in nothing, for luck is nothing, but good sense and a strong staff are all I have now."

Thus in the dusk of the long twilight he slowly made his way upward, still upward, until the darkness had indeed settled upon him, and he felt himself too weary to climb on, with the snow heaped around his feet, cold and heavy to plod through. Then he loosened his pack and dropped it on the path at his side, and stood leaning on his staff, resting and reasoning with himself. To turn back he could not. To go forward seemed equally impossible.

The mountain rose high on one side, and on the other the precipice fell away below him into depths unknown. In the darkness he could not see this, yet he knew it might be so, and he set his back to the wall of the mountain and leaned against it breathing deeply, his head bowed upon his breast.

He did not laugh now, nor whistle. In his weariness a profound melancholy seized upon his spirit, and he thought only despondent thoughts. He peered into the darkness behind him, and saw the overarching craig above him, spreading wide, like great, overhanging wings, and it seemed to him to be the spreading wings of the angel of death brooding above him, and waiting for the death sleep of the cold to creep over him, before bearing his soul away.

But the big man was proud, and had plenty of courage, Withal he thought himself something of a philosopher. He would not allow himself to be thus overcome. He would rest awhile, and then try once more to make headway, for, surely the hut must be in the direction he had been climbing, and it was not so cold yet, unless the wind arose, and if it did, why, it might clear the sky of clouds and the path of snow, when the light of the stars would be his guide. It was well to wait a bit and rest, and he would smoke his new carved pipe the while.

So he stamped, and beat his arms across his chest, and then lighted his pipe and sat down in the snow beside his pack and meditated. What a fool he had been, indeed, to think of climbing the Alps in winter alone, leaving no word below, and making no further inquiry as to the location of the hut he was seeking. But surely he was on the right path for had he not traced the footprints of the children far beyond the shrine where he had seen them praying, until they were covered by the snow? If they could make that climb in safety, twice a day, why could not

he—a great man with a man's strength, make it in half the time?

Ah yes. But in the blinding snow, might he not have passed a tiny snow covered hut, or have missed seeing a little path leading off from the trail anywhere along the way, for the last two hours? Yes, he had been a fool. A man should not follow an impulse,—he should be guided by the light of his reason. What if the children had prayed—perhaps with no God to hear them! Was it his province to play the God to them? If the children lived to grow up, they must learn the truth by hard knocks, and that what they want they must work for, fending for themselves.

He reached out his hand and struck his pack and laughed. Why a fool indeed he was, trying to bring them gifts in answer to prayers addressed to imagined powers, and thus keep alive in their hearts foolish old traditions. Soon must they learn that nothing is worth while to man but the truth, and that stripped bare of old time romance. "Yes, yes. The world had been fed too long on romance, tradition and fables. Why should wise men foster them?"

His pipe was smoked out and the air was growing colder. He was becoming stiff and numb. Again he stretched his arms and beat the snow from his body, using the brown mittens of coarse yarn—the brown ones with the dropped stitches. Still he laughed and shook himself, as if he knew himself to be a great joke, while he looked toward the sky above him, and thought he could trace the outline of the mountain tops. Had the snow ceased to fall? But it was heaped about him, and he sat as if in a nest of soft snow. Now, if he were to yield to the drowsiness creeping through him and sleep, he knew he would never waken, and the dark arching rock above him would be to him indeed the wings of the angel of death.

"Ah, there again! Angel? What were angels? Must men always give a personality to every emotion? And every natural event, must it be brought about by the intervention of some supernatural being?"

So he thought because the cold gave him a sluggish circulation and brought on a feeling of drowsiness, he must needs say it was the angel of death hovering over him. Very well, he would rise and look after that angel of death a bit. But he only sat still again and smiled.

Parents were to blame for such foolishness and taught those tales to their children, half believing them themselves. Then he bethought him of his rosy cheeked mother—long ago. Would he might see her again as she used to sit, telling him those very tales—yes, yes! How they would sit on either side of her —he and his brother—and on her knees a beautiful little girl, with great dark eyes like velvet pansies, yes,—and long dark, curling hair.

Still through his whole being he felt the ache of his boyish heart when the little girl's mother came to take her home, and still he could hear the sweet voice of his own mother saying, "Bring her with you tomorrow when you come to work. She is not the least trouble."

Ah, trouble? Never! When she came into the house she brought joy with her, and when she went away with her mother did she not leave sorrow behind her? But why should a great man grieve over the loss out of his life of a little woman child? And now, because he had seen her like kneeling at the wayside shrine, he must needs lose his life trying to bring her the Christmas gifts for which she had prayed,—must needs keep the old romance alive in her

heart by playing the God to her childish prayer.

How he had that day seen the tales his mother used to tell, pictured out in the shop woman's window; the little Christ child in the arms of Mary; the kind Joseph leaning on his staff, and the wise men bringing their gifts, and the ass standing at the manger, and the sheep waiting in the snow while their shepherds knelt in adoration before the Holy Child and his Mother!

For all this, here was he,—a wise man,—wise with the wisdom of the world and filled with its incredulities, trudging up the mountain alone in the darkness, risking his life in the chilling, deadening snow, to keep alive in the hearts of those children the faith he had long ago discarded. Why was he doing this?

He sucked away at his cold pipe and found it cold comfort. Those old wise men in the ancient days—they had a star sent to guide them, and it led them to the feet of a Mother and a little child. Now, if a star should miraculously appear glinting out at him through the snow,—would he rise and follow it? Ah, but the snow was deadening! Better if he let himself go, and sleep on and on, —sinking down with weariness with his head on his pack.

Confusedly the words he had often heard his mother repeat came to him. "In as much—." So it began. "In as much—as ye—have done it unto one of these, ye have done it unto Me." Done what? To whom? "We have seen His star in the East and are come to worship Him." Old words,—part of the legend.

Were that mother living now she would know what he was trying to do and that it was for her. Well, well. Here was the mother of the little children living in Innsbruck,—gone to cheaper rooms,—perhaps to die there with the hunger and cold,—for what else is there for the lonely and poor to do in Innsbruck? Again he saw the bright little woman child seated on his mother's knee. lifting the beautiful eyes like dark, purple velvet pansies, filled with tears because she must leave him, her boy friend, and go home with her mother.

The thought stirred him, and he lifted his head from the pack, and beat himself, and slowly straightened out his stiff joints and stamped. "So be it. I may be a fool, but I am no coward, to lie down here and die." he said. To climb now in the darkness was to fight for his life, to feel his way inch by inch, keeping the trail as best he could, trusting that his strength would hold out until the morning light.

Again he strapped the pack on his back. He would not leave that no, no. For that he had made this terrible venture. With the wall of the mountain on the one side it was not so difficult, but what might be on the other side he shuddered to think. As he moved forward, suddenly the snow seemed to be heaped deeper on the path, and to swirl about his head as if driven by the wind, but there was no wind. Ah, he must be turning a point of the mountain, and maybe on the other side he would find the way easier, and swept clear of snow.

Soon the turn was made and he felt the wind sharp and cold in his face, blowing the snow past him, and heaping it behind him. Now it would be impossible for him to return whether he ever found the hut or no, until those piling drifts were cleared from the path. He caught his breath as the wind struck him, and stood a moment leaning on his staff, peering into the darkness and up at the sky, to see if there might be a

star glinting out to show that the clouds were thinning.

Now his heart bounded, for he saw a star above him, Low in the sky it seemed, and close to the mountain, but still above him. The storm must be passing and the clouds parting. As he stood, his eyes fixed on the star, the words came to him from out of the past, "We have seen His star in the East, and are come to worship Him."

"His star in the East, His star in the East,—" the words kept repeating themselves over and over in his mind, yet he was too weary and benumbed with the cold to think on their meaning. It was as if he were repeating a childish tune, when something happened that made his heart stand still. The star moved. It did not twinkle and go out,—it was not the snow hiding it,—it moved —or—was his mind wandering—his vision wavering with weariness? Yes, yes! There! Again it moved!

Now his heart pounded and his pulses throbbed, and a warmth came creeping through his veins. The little star was lifted,—then another shone beside it,—there were two stars—now one is gone, and the other shines on alone, steady and clear.

A wonder crept over him. The star seemed to be in the sky, yet human hands must have placed it there. He could not see the mountain above it. How could such a thing be? But there it shone clearly on him, whether from the sky or the earth, it was there. Now, warmed from his heart, he must move on—on—or lie down there and die, with the fierce wind blowing upon him, and the star shining down on him.

Groping slowly, the path seemed sharply to ascend, and here another turn brought him floundering up to his neck in the snow. "It is the drifting of the wind," he said. "I will soon be through it." So he kept up hope and struggled on, for the star—the star was shining down upon him.

When he came through the drift, he stood where the way was swept clear of snow, but the biting sharpness of the wind took away his breath and it seemed as if he were wholly spent. Flinging out his arms, he could no longer feel the wall of the mountain on either side, and prodding with his staff the path seemed to have come to an end. He fell on his knees and burrowed in the snow with his hands, and found only a narrow footway, and with his staff could find no bottom on either side. He looked up and saw the star still steadily shining above him, but not so far away now,—no not so far—or he was dreaming.

Only that little glimmering ray now to give him hope, for his strength—the strength of the strong man, was gone. His staff on which he had leaned slipped from his benumbed hands, and he could but crawl. Thus creeping along the narrow footway on hands and knees he followed the leading of that one little ray of hope beckoning him on in the darkness. What abyss was beneath him he could not know. He would not think of it. All he could do was to cling to the footway, narrow and steep and work his way painfully on, until at last he found the path wider and the light closer. Nearer, nearer still, now almost on a level with him. Ah, the little window—the little window—from which came the friendly beam! almost could he touch the sill. Now now, he could cling to it, and raise himself to his feet.

There he stood, his voice too weak to call aloud, and then he fell across the threshold of the little hut he had been seeking. He could not lift himself, but the door had been opened and a child's voice cried out, and the cry was like

a shout of ecstacy. He felt warm little hands on his face patting him and comforting him. He was sheltered from the biting wind, and the warmth from the hut eased his lungs until he could breath again, and he half raised himself and crawled within, and the door was shut upon the night without and the cold and the snow and darkness. The little star had led him, and loving child's hands were ministering to him.

The fire in the little fireplace had long since gone out, but Marta soon had a bright blaze going, and the porridge pot hung where it quickly became hot, and before long, with his feet stretched toward the heat, and a bowl of steaming porridge in his hand, he was filled with warmth and comfort, and the terrible hours of his suffering and almost despair were already in the past, to be remembered hereafter as only one of the experiences which come to venturous men. He listened to the little ones happy chatter and ate his hot porridge and thought his own thoughts.

"It was a good thing I lighted the candle after all." said Marta. "Even it I did it to guide the good St. Nicholas to us, it did other good in bringing you out of the storm, didn't it?"

"It is often so in life," said the blind grandmother from her corner near the fire. "We are led, we know not how. I told her not to burn the candle because of the cost, for the good St. Nicholas needs no light to find his way; but the child begged so hard I could not refuse her, moreover, as she is likely to have no other pleasure this year than in the anticipation."

"Yes, little one. It brought me out of the storm as you say. I would have fallen in the cold snow, and never would I have opened my eyes to the morning light, if you had not burned the little star to guide me."

"Then it was the star of the Christ Child, Grannie, for I prayed at the shrine for gifts, but see? Because there were none for us this year He has given us the gift of the man's life. That is a great gift, is it not Grannie? You would not think so poor people as we might have so big a gift on the blessed Christmas Eve as the man's life. A—whole—big—man's—life." Marta folded her hands and stood before him, and drew in a long sigh of contentment, as she regarded him gravely, with childish awe.

"But I think the little Christ Child might have sent mamma home, if he can do such great things, and she would have brought me an orange, and Marta one too." said little Carl, mournfully.

"Hush, Carl. An orange is quickly eaten, and then it is gone. Come here now to Grannie and say a prayer. for you must get back into your bed again and sleep. Thank the good God that you have a home and a bed in which to sleep, and think no more of oranges."

"On such a night as this one learns something by being out in the storm alone in the darkness, with no home to which to go," said the big man, dreamily.

"I am sorry we are so poor we have no place where you may sleep other than where we keep our last year's grass for our goat. If you like better you may lie here on the floor by the fire, but if you choose to go through into the goat shed, we have plenty of covers, and there, even though it is a poor place you may be comfortable and warm."

"I will go in the shed, and thank you kindly for allowing me to take your good bed covers. If I am not comfortable there I will return when you are all sleeping, and lie down by the fire. If you hear me moving about a little, do

not be disturbed. I will go now, for it is late, and may be, if we all sleep quietly and give him a chance, the good St. Nicholas will yet come."

"You may take my candle with you, for now I will believe my Grannie, that he does not need a light to find us. Anyway, I do not think he will come now, for we have our gift,—a great—big—man's—life."

The big man took the candle, and placing his hand on the child's head, looked down in her eyes. and again he thought of the eyes of the child playmate of his boyhood. He stooped and kissed the child's forehead.

"Good night to you all," he said, and carrying the bed covers, the blind woman took out from a locked chest near her bed, he entered the shed through a small door of the hut. There stood the goat, contentedly eating the dried grass stored for him.

The big man stretched his weary body on the fragrant hay, and drew the covers over him, thankfully, and soon was soundly sleeping. Ah, such a sweet sleep it was! Strange dreams hovered around him, dreams such as he used to have when a boy. Once again the little girl was there, and they played together as of old, and in the dreams he was very happy.

At last he dreamed that she was snatched from him, by some unseen hand, and that he saw her stretch out her arms toward him and weep. He thought he tried to run after, her but that his feet were bound to the earth so that he could not lift them from the ground, and his heart seemed heavier than his feet, and his tongue was stiffened and his breath gone so that he could not cry aloud for help. Then in his dream, as he saw her being carried away from him, behold, she was no longer a child, but a woman, young and beautiful, and her face was all pale with a great sorrow, and then—she was gone.

With the pain of this dream he awoke, and saw a little ray of light sifting through the roof, and knew it was day. In the darkness of the shed he felt at his feet and found his pack. He lighted the candle little Marta had given him and took out the gifts he had bought the day before.

Now he was pleased that he had struggled and fought his way up the mountain, for the very feeling of the things was delightful to him. There were the two pairs of little shoes, and oranges, and candies of barley sugar, and a pretty silken head kerchief with a gay border, and bright ribbons for Marta's hair, and the soft shawl of wool for the grandmother,—indeed all the things he could think of in his kind heart, and could find in the village to buy, for the children were there in his pack.

He placed the candlestick on a beam in the shed, and gathering the gifts in his arms he softly opened the door into the hut. All was still. It was as dark in there as in the shed, and the fire was all burned out. Silently he shoved the gifts into the room in a great heap and closed the door upon them. Then he laid himself again on the sweet dried grass for a morning nap. But he could not sleep. He found himself listening for sounds in the room,—sounds of laughter, or shouts of wonder and joy, and the patterings of little bare feet. He wanted to hear the children find their gifts.

So he rose once more and stole back into the room, but all was as still and dark there as in the shed, and he thought he must have been mistaken and that the morning had not yet come, as he listened to the quiet breathing of the sleepers in the great bed in the corner. Ah, he must not waken them.

A thought seized him and he quickly acted upon it. Very quietly he stepped into the room and gathered his thick jacket and heavy leggings and mittens which had been left by the fire to dry, and taking a portion of the loaf of black bread which Marta had placed beside his bowl of porridge the night before, he went back into the shed and dressed himself warmly, and thought to let himself out through the outer door of the shed, for he did not wish to open the outer door of the hut, and let the cold winter air in on the old grandmother and the little ones.

But something seemed to hold the shed door shut against his strength. He pushed and pushed. Was it locked? No, for he searched by the light of the candle, and there was no lock. Ah ha! He found it was heaped over the very top by the drifted snow. No wonder the hut was dark and all still slept as if it were the middle of the night! It was buried in the snow so that no light could enter the small windows.

Well and good, it was not yet packed hard, and he would work his way through it and look out on the day. So he took one of the shovels that hung in the shed, and dug his way out into the light. It was quickly done and he stood there in the early morning looking out on a new world, a world so pure and white that his eyes were dazzled by the brightness so that he could not endure it. without peering through half closed lids. But his heart was filled with joy, because of the wonder and the beauty of it, and because of the happiness he knew was awaiting the grandmother and the children when they should awake.

A new purpose had entered his thoughts, and he shut the shed door behind him, and with the black bread in his pocket, his Alpine stock in his hand—one he had found there in the shed, and the shovel over his shoulder, he began to descend the mountain. In many places the wind had blown the trail of bare snow, and there he walked rapidly; and when he came to a place where it was drifted over the path, he bravely shoveled it away and hurried on.

He laughed as he walked, his heart was so filled with happy thoughts. What would they think in the little hut when they awoke and found him gone, and the gifts for which little Marta had prayed, and many more, heaped on the floor beside the chimney?" Ah! they would say, "He was the true St. Nicholas who came in the night."

Now the path he trod seemed to have lost its dangers, and yet, as he remembered the cold and darkness, and looked down into the abyss beneath the narrow way where he had painfully crawled on hands and knees he shuddered to think where he might have been now, but for the little star in the window set to guide the good Saint on his way. Then he came to the place where the wind had swept clean the right trail, and piled the snow over the wrong one, so that he did not go astray. Was that God's care over one who was blindly struggling to do a kind act?

So would have said the little Marta, and so would have said the old blind grandmother. Well, be that as it may, this was a wonderful and a glorious morning. Never had he looked on such beauty as the world was presenting to him in that day dawning. Against a sky of pale rose and gold, glistening as if set with gems, the mountain peaks lifted their heads, their steep sides stained in hues of deep rose and amethyst, with primrose lights on their heights, and a dream of deep violet in their depths. In the deep of his heart

he knew that no such wonder could happen in the world by chance.

Thus joyously, with lifted head he descended the mountain up which he had so slowly and painfully climbed the night before. The peril had been very real, however, as he could see; for even in the broad light of day it would take a good mountain climber to make his way along many of those narrow places in safety, and even in the descent he must still have a care and keep close to the moun'ain side.

When he came to the little shrine where he had seen the children kneeling he sat down to rest a while and ate his crust of black bread, and meditated. Black bread was not bad, seasoned with a tang of hunger. The thought of his boyhood was strong upon him, and most of all of the little maid he had so loved,—lacking a sister—and of the old bitterness which had filled him when he found her snatched away from him, after she had become a woman and he a man.

"By rights she should have been mine, and I hers,—" he thought, "but so it is in this world. Things do not always come right,—still—sometimes they may be mended."

With this thought and with a merry smile in his blue eyes, he rose and trudged on, arriving, still in the early part of the day, at the inn.

It was Christmas day, and all the people of Innsbruck, who could afford it had been having fine dinners and a gala time. Those who were on the streets appeared to be wearing their best clothing, and in the churches wonderful music was being sung about the birth of the Holy Babe in the manger, by the devout ones who did not forget, amid the rejoicings, whence came all the happiness and good feeling toward mankind on that day.

All day long the hours passed merrily, and happy greetings were kept up, and at night the town seemed to be gayer than ever. Blithe crowds thronged the streets and jostled each other, some entered the theaters and some went into cafes with their friends, and there was gaiety and laughter everywhere.

Everywhere? No, there were some places where only the distant sounds of mirth entered, like a far away murmur of happiness; where rooms were dark and cold, and where none came with greetings and gifts, and where strangers sat in sorrow alone, hungry and sad.

In such a room, in a house built back of the ones which faced the street, up a winding, narrow flight of stone stairs, sat a woman alone in the darkness, wrapped in her black shawl to keep her warm.

One high window cut in the deep wall like a narrow list, let in a faint ray of the moon which rode high in the sky, and showed that the place was very bare, furnished with only a flat, hard pallet for a bed, one chair, and a table, and a little iron stove in which no fire burned.

By the dim light one could not see the woman except as a dark form bowed with her head in her arms, leaning upon the table as if she were in sorrow or despair. The sounds from the street reached her ears only like a wind murmuring in a distant forest, and she shivered and drew her thin shawl around her as if she felt its frosty breath upon her.

Her thoughts dwelt on Christmasses past and gone, and she was trying to hear again the mirth and greetings of those days to drive out of her thoughts the present sorrow. Almost it seemed now as if she could hear the sound of a

pipe such as she had heard in her girlhood, blowing a merry, liquid note that softly trilled and wavered, vibrating through her being, with the old feeling,—the longing to move to it,—ro rise and dance—dance—Ah! In those old days how she could dance!

Some one used to pipe that tune as he wended his way up the mountain, to call her out to him,—to tell her he was on his way to her. She lifted her head and listened, holding her breath lest the sweet dream cease.

But—was it a dream? Far away it seemed—but it was growing clearer—nearer—as if the notes were climbing the gamut of the winding stone stairway. Could it be some reveler returning from a Christmas fete? None lived in that dreary place to whom revels were possible. She started to her feet, and clung to the table for support, and listened. Ah! None knew that melody but he who made it. It was hers,—made to be sung—and piped—to the music of her name—made by one who loved her—to call her—to call her—Jacinta Bellini—Jacinta Bellini. Now, now, it had reached the top of the stair—was it wafted from the land of the dead? Clearly it called her now, waiting without.

Upon the table before her was a heap of many hued silken scraps,—and balls of tape and little bundles of lace, and coils of fine wire. She felt among them with trembling hands until she found a bit of candle. Where were the matches? Was there one left? Yes, here. She was quivering now, but not with the cold. That sound of a pipe had sent a fire coursing through her veins, and the red to her lips.

She turned the key in the lock and slowly set the door ajar, and shading the lighted candle and with her thin hand—so thin it scarcely held the flame from shining through it, she peered into the darkness of the stairway.

As she stood thus leaning forward, the light fell on her pale face and her eyes, like large purple velvet pansies, and there she saw gazing into her own, eyes of blue—eyes that twinkled with a glint of the far off days of the Christmasses past—eyes beloved, and never to be forgotten by her. The candle end wavered, and shook in her hand, and fell to the stone floor, and went out, but arms reached her in the dark and folded her close and warm.

"Ah, Carl Witner—they said you were dead. Ah, Carl Witner—Carl Witner—"

Barely she murmured the words, and then lay limp and inert in his arms. He carried her in and by the one little ray of the moon found and laid her on the hard pallet. Dear God! Was he too late? He searched for the candle end and lighted it and scanned her face, and the tears filled his eyes. He rubbed her hands in his own, so thin and cold they were they seemed like the hands of the dead,—but her great eyes opened and looked up at him, and her lips smiled.

He covered her with the worn bedcovers, and knelt at her side and drew her head to his breast, and murmured beautiful words in her ears, comforting and tender; then he wrapped the black shawl closer about her, and telling her to sleep until he returned he hurried away, but not for long. Soon he came again, bringing with him a soft, white shawl of wool, and after him followed a boy carrying coals and food, and quickly he had a fire in the stove and a pot of coffee steaming away. Then he swept all the trumpery things from the table and laid thereon a plentiful meal for them both, and wrapping the white shawl around her, he lifted her in his arms and set her in the one chair before the feast he had spread for her.

"We celebrate our Christmas feast, Jacinta, mine." he said, with glee. I am come to eat with you,—then you shall sleep, and tomorrow I will come again and take you back to Bergendorf. There you shall have the little ones and your mother at the inn, and we will make merry. Here you have but the one chair and I must sit on the floor at your feet and you must feed me, for I am hungry." He sat himself down at her side among all the things he had brushed from the table to make room for the feast.

She placed her hand tenderly on his curling hair. "Ah, Carl, Carl, you are become such a wonderful man!"

"I am become such, say you? But yesterday I heard from Madam Brinkmann, my mother's old friend, that always I was very wonderful. Look now, she sold me this tobacco pipe, which I myself carved to earn me a few marks with which to buy you the ear rings. I sold it to her then for five marks, and here she tells me it was carved by a very wonderful lad, who has since died, and that she would sell it now for ten, but that once she refused twenty for it, and that it was worth more than that, but that men are such pigs now a days, that they do not know beautiful work any more. She did not know me, nor that I was buying my own handicraft from her."

"Not know you! You, Carl,? I—I would have known you had you looked a thousand years older, and it is—it is only ten years,—but it seemed a thousand an hour ago, since I had looked in your eyes.

"Ten years it is since they married me to your brother Adolf; and all the words they said to me then were 'Must,' and 'shall,' and the duty of obedience—Ah!—How I recall every word and thought, when you came home and found me your brother's wife. How angry and bad you were Carl! And I, how I have since suffered for my wrong doing then, when I allowed you to take me in your arms, and kiss me, and look in my eyes, me, who was your brother's wife! All my heart froze within me. The shadow of a great sorrow has been ever with me,—the shadow of your anger,—so terrible—and of my own sin in allowing you to say to me those things which I could never forget. Adolf was a good husband, and I tried to forget you—and do right. He was kind in his way—not in your way, Carl."

"Well, my brother is gone. I will speak kindly of the dead, even if he did rob me, But this I will say. You have suffered for no sin of yours or of mine. It was their sin, for which we have both suffered,—your mother's and my father's—their sin—when they stole you from me and gave you to my brother for his goodly inheritance. Give me bread and meat from your own plate, Jacinta. Let me sip the coffee from your cup. Ah, that is good!"

So she fed him as he sat on the floor at her side, and they both laughed.

"But to do wrong brings good to none, "said Carl, "See what came of their act. You and your little ones are thrown out of the inheritance after all, and old Jacob sits in my father's great chair, and draws in the silver marks and pockets them, and doles out a little meat fat and meal and salt to your mother. in exchange for her poor little candles, and there they sit in the dark in their little hut on the side of the mountain."

Jacinta placed her hand gently on his head. "Think no more of it now, Carl, "she said, but he took her hand in his and kissed her fingers and went on as if he had not been interrupted.

"Listen Jacinta. I have heard about

the old will that left all, should I be dead, to my father's cousin, Jacob Witner, I made good use of my ears, there in Bergendorf. What do I care for it now? I have been in the beautiful western world, and made money." His blue eyes twinkled more merrily than ever. "Here I returned to find out what had become of you all, and this do I find,—you, my love, dying here in poverty because, for the old love—even though you thought me dead, you would not forget me,—so? Yes, my ever beloved! You would not marry again for the inheritance, but would rather work here to care for my brother's children and your blind old mother than to rob me a second time,—even if I were dead? Yes? Eat, beautiful Jacinta, and feed me. We are hungry."

"Give me back my hand, then Carl, so I may feed you."

"Yes, beloved. For every bite you take yourself, give me one, and the coffee, let me drink it with you and thus will we break bread together as in the old days when we played with each other.?"

"When I heard you playing that melody, Carl, I thought the wind was blowing in the pines, and that you were climbing the mountain to me, and that I sat making my lace on my lace pillow, in my mother's doorway, just as it used to be in the old days before you went to serve in the army."

"Yes, yes, Being the youngest I went to serve my term last, and he returned first, and so Adolf stepped in my place and—."

"Hush Carl, and listen. I have not been so poor all this time. When Adolf was killed in the war, and old Jacob came to the inn to live, I came here—not to this poor room, but in a better place, and I made flowers in a flower shop, where the richest milliners came to buy of us, and I did very well. I can make very beautiful flowers, Carl. Look up on the wall where I have hung them, to be out of the way, until I could take them to the shop. Are they not lovely?"

He looked, and sure enough, on the wall were beautiful wreaths of roses, both pink and red, and sprays of forget-me-nots.

"And look now, what you are doing, Carl, beloved, you are sitting on the bits of silk and velvet with which I must make more, for they are promised. If I had not been ill, I would have had enough money to go to the little ones, and my mother this Christmas, but it was not to be. I had to move here, to save money to pay the doctor. It has not always been so with me—believe me."

"The women were right, you are very proud, Jacinta, But I tell it you, no more will you work like this. If you have promised, gather all this trumpery stuff in a basket, and we will take it to the inn, and there you may finish all that are promised. Will that content you? And after that—."

"I will not go to the inn. I will not see old Jacob. I will go to my mother's little hut on the mountain, but not to the inn."

"The inn is mine, Jacinta. It is not old Jacob's. May I not take you to my own home?"

"I will go to my mother, Carl."

"Ah yes! The women were quite right. You are very proud."

"What women?"

"Never mind. I have heard. I was not idle in Bergendorf." He laughed merrily and rose and strode about the room. He swept all the pretty silken scraps into a corner, and came and again sat beside her, and took her hand. There he told her all his plans, and how

he had a home in the new land to which he would bring her if she would come. How he had seen her little children, and had taken them their Christmas gifts.

He did not make light of the fact, that but for the star of little Marta's candle he might never have lived to come to her, for he loved to feel her hand on his head in blessing, and to hear her cry out at the danger he had braved for her sake. Yes, he loved that as any man would, so he did not make light of the trouble and suffering he had gone through.

"So now, Jacinta mine, I have told you all about it. All is well, since you waited for me and did not forget the one who loved you first, and who has never ceased loving you. I see now, that the good God cares for his children and no more will I scoff at the dreams and legends my mother taught me."

"Not dreams, Carl. You do not mean dreams, but truths,—the truths of God in our hearts. If I had not had the faith to know such truth my courage would long ago have left me and you would have come back now to find that I had done what every one told me to do. I would not have dared to do other than to marry old Jacob, and there you would have found me, broken and sad,—living at the inn, and slaving without love, just for the home and the bread for my children's mouths and the clothes on their backs. Ah, how they blamed me and said I was proud. Even my mother blamed me, and said we might as well be living there and having our rights."

Thus they talked together of the old times and of the new, and of what they should do, until at last Carl Witner persuaded her to yield to his wishes and go with him the next day to Bergendorf, and stop a while at the inn.

"We will bring your mother and the children down from that hut. It is no place for you or them at this season, my Jacinta. Do this for my sake, and theirs, not for your own. We will make a great holiday for all the village to rejoice with us, and we will have a brave wedding. We will go to America, then. Hear me out my own. We will take your mother to a great man who may be able to cure her of her blindness, and we will leave old Jacob to care for the inn, and sometimes we will return and have there a grand holiday. We will not live there, for what do we want with it. You will see. We will come here sometimes to live over the happy days of our childhood and then, when little Carl is become a man, the inn shall become his, as it is by rights. Are you satisfied, my Jacinta?"

"Surely Carl. I see I shall never be able to resist you,—and why should I?"

Very well. Carl Witner was satisfied also, with that. Then he took her in his arms and kissed her many times, and told her over again how he had been loving her all his life, and she knew that never had she had such happiness.

Early in the morning he came and took her away with him to Bergendorf, and there stood old Jacob in the doorway of the inn,—and how he opened his eyes and his mouth also, when he saw them. For a while he could not speak. Then he began to try to look very wise and solemn.

He said no wonder he did not know Carl Witner when he came to the inn, as he had never seen him before. And that was sensible too, for how could one man know another whom he had never seen? Then he became very voluble, and said that as they all supposed Carl Witner dead there was nothing for him to do but to go in and take possession of that which was his,—since Carl Wit-

ner did not return, and no one knew if he were dead or no, or where to find him.

"That is so, Jacob. No one indeed could be expected to find a man for whom he never searched, and whom he had never seen. Truly, truly, So now we will proceed to business."

Then old Jacob took him all over the inn, and out to the stable where the goats and cattle were kept, showing how well he had cared for all and what a good steward he had been, just as if he had but been employed to do this for the family, instead of doing all in his power to spread the thought in the minds of the people that Carl Witner was dead and that therefore the inn and everything pertaining to it belonged to himself.

Carl Witner generously forgave the old man that he had sought to defraud him of his own, but he could not overlook the truth that he had found Jacinta ill and starving in the poor little room in Innsbruck and his brother's children cast out, and that Jacob had tried to marry Jacinta in order to secure his right to all that was hers and theirs, should ever Carl Witner reappear in Bergendorf, as now he had. Had it not been for her loyalty this evil would he have done.

So he said little to old Jacob, and that but shortly, and quickly he gathered together a few of their old neighbors, who were glad enough to welcome him back, and they went up the mountain, and collected the things the blind woman cared most for, and brought her and the children down to the inn, carefully and safely.

Now it would never be possible to tell how happy were little Marta and Carl when they found their mother at the inn, nor how they danced around their uncle Carl and climbed on his knees when he sat beside Jacinta before the great fire. Ah, it might be snowy and cold without, there at the inn, and within their hearts it was warm and gay.

"When we woke in the morning, we thought you were the good St. Nicholas himself, and that you had gone away in the night to carry things to other little children," said Carl.

"But it was you all the time. We saw you in the shop. You looking so big! And you were our uncle Carl, all the time."

"Yes, all the time."

"See how our shoes fit us." and little Marta stood before him with her small feet close together, and looked happily down on them. "I did not ask shoes for myself, for I was ashamed to ask too much, but you—."

"I knew little girls needed shoes as well as little boys."

"In the morning it was all dark, for the snow was over the window, and I went very slowly toward the chimney to light the fire, and my foot touched something, and it moved, and I thought it was alive, and I screamed and ran and jumped into bed again with Grannie."

"And Grannie told Marta nothing could hurt us, for it was the birthday of the Christ."

"And so I got up again, and when I lighted the fire what do you suppose it was that moved? It was an orange, and I knew it was for Carl and that St. Nicholas had come in the night while we slept — and — more — much m u c h more—." She stood and gazed into her uncle's twinkling blue eyes with a grave happiness in her own, that made old memories stir in his heart, and he drew her toward him and placed her on his knee, and there she curled herself up comfortably, with contented sighs.

"Did you bring the presents, Uncle

Carl, or was it St. Nicholas? asked her sturdy little brother, standing before him with legs far apart as he had seen the man stand before the fire.

"How do I know, son Carl? Something spoke to my heart, and I listened, and so the things were brought you."

"Marta asked the little Christ."

"And Grannie sat all day long with her new shawl wrapped around her and her hands folded in her lap, and said she would do no work on that blessed day,—and me—all I wanted more was my mother—and I could not go down the mountain to get Tony Schmidt to write for us, to tell her we had all we needed, and the good St. Nicholas had visited us."

Carl Witner encircled her with his arm, and laid his cheek against her soft hair. With Jacinta's hand in his he looked in her eyes as she sat beside him.

"I will tell you a little story, Marta," he said. "Once upon a time I knew a little girl like you, and we played together, and I loved her, and after a while she grew up to be a very beautiful woman, and still I loved her. But then I lost her. I thought I should never be able to find her again. But after a long, long time, when I had given up all hope, a little star guided me to her, shining out when I was about to lie down and die, and saved my life,—and—"

"My mother—my mother and you—and my little star!" and Marta jumped down and danced around the room, and hugged her little brother and her mother, and laughed and clapped her hands,—then standing before her uncle she said "It was the little Christ. He taught me how to make my candle into a star for you to give you hope and guide you, and so he answered my prayer, and gave me the greatest Christmas gift in all the world,—A great—big—man's —life."

"Yes, little Marta, yes. Your little candle was my Christmas star,—mine and yours."

"And mine," said Jacinta, her eyes filled with happy tears.

"And mine," said the blind old mother who sat near them, and smiled on them happily, although she could not see them.

"And mine too," shouted little Carl, "for it brought me an orange, and you shall each have one."

"Within the hall are song and laughter,
The cheeks of Christmas grow red and jolly,
And sprouting in every corbel and rafter,
With the lightsome green of ivy and holly,
Through the deep gulf of the chimney wide
Wallows the yule-log's roaring tide;
The broad flame pennons droop and flap
And belly and tug as a flag in the wind;
Like a locust shrills the imprisoned sap,
Hunted to death in its galleries blind;
And swift little troops of silent sparks.
Now pausing, now scattering away as in fear,
Go threading the soot-forest's tangled darks
Like herds of startled deer."

—From the Vision of Sir Launfal.

A FRAGMENT

By Margaret Busbee Shipp

"Where shall we go?"

All the pent-up homesickness, fought against and denied through the teasing tropical day seems to pulse in my throat.

"Take me where I can find my dreams again," I cry, my voice low and fierce. "The visions I brought with me which the sun has mocked all day until the very spirit of Delight is dead within me. I want a sense of space and quiet, I want the very source of dreams."

"I'll take you there. Come, dear." He helps me to the seat beside him, the car urges swiftly forward. The long tropical twilight is beginning to merge into night. We pass the Cathedral, a soft slaty blue, almost the color of the evening skies. Many people are seated on the wide low steps. The plaza directly in front is filled with a carefree throng, strolling under the almond trees. The church seems like an indulgent mother, brooding over her laughing children.

Presently we overtake a peon, toiling slowly ahead, bearing a tiny coffin on his shoulder. The crape Myrtle wreath is faded, the gilt paper decorations tarnished and piteous. But he will not accept the seat in the car which we offer—he wishes to render his baby that last service. He thanks us for the little gift of money ,and we leave him, trudging along in the dust of the highway. Our hands touch for a moment in silence.

We are beyond the town and the houses now. The passing of the car is like a searchlight turned on the thick growth that encroaches almost into the road. Now a chump of variegated foliage suddenly flashes out in yelloes and reds; again a pink oleander or a white night-blooming cereus is seen for a fleeting moment, and then slips back into darkness.

Miles farther we to ghrough an arid stretch where there is only the cacti, holding up fat distorted fingers.

Now we are passing by a convent. We cannot see the hidden garden but we are steeped in the fragrance of jasmines and daturas. The voices of the dark can be head, the merry, monotonous "co-qui" of the tiny frogs.

We turn into a palm bordered road. Overhead the great plumes of the cocoanut palm sway ever so slightly in the breeze. Shelley might have found the secret of night in those ragged plumes. By and by we must come to the Castle of Dreams, nothing else could lie at the end of this road. The palms thicken, grow closer together. They are hiding their secret as long as they may, but surely in a moment we shall come to a great dark gate and its sable-clad keeper will swing it open and we shall see forms compounded of light and allure. . . . Forms grotesque and menacing, the nightmares of the dark.

A swift turn flings the car sidewise, we are at the end of the road and there lies—only the moonlit sea. How else could it be? Walls cannot contain them, for dreams are born of moonlight and the sea.

A VISIT TO THE HOME OF PAYNE ERSKINE

By Hilliard Booth

UPON alighting from the train at Tryon, that cozily situated little town on the southern slope of the Blue Ridge mountains, I inquired of a mountaineer the way to the home of Mrs. Emma Payne Erskine, and was told, with a nonchalent shake of the head, that it was "yon' way; not far, but a right smart piece." A "right smart piece," in this case ,was a dusty mile and a hlaf. Then I came upon a rustic, arbor-like gateway, with the name "Lynncote" over it, and beyond i flowered terraces, up which ran picturesque flights of stone steps to the house. The house, comfortably large, is built in the English cottage style, and on a rocky eminence overhanging the Pacolet River, and overlooks views of soft valleys and majestic mountains.

Mrs Erskine herself answered the "clack" of the old brass door-knocker, and greeted me with cordial and delightful informality. She led me up the quaint stairs to the second-floor living rooms, whose furnishings, proclaimed Mrs. Erskine a devotee of art and music as well as of literature. First impressions are not always dependable, but in this case mine were amply borne out by later judgment.

Mrs. Erskine, the mother of six children, and the grandmother of five, is still a young woman, a woman in whom unchanging ideals and interests have kept alive the spirit which defies the mark of time. Her light brown hair, barely touched with gray, is ararnged simply above attractive features and fine eyes which reflect the deep love she feels for her family and for her work. She is a womanly woman—natural, sincere, absolutely unaffected, resourceful, well-balanced in all her opinions and actions. She combines a sensitive nature with a strong character. Gracious in all that she does, and doing nothing that is not considerate of others, she is a good business woman and an unerring manager. She has that rare quality, a splendid sense of humor; and if any one trait of her character is more marked than another, perhaps it is her modesty—Mrs. Erskine is extremely modest both as a woman and a writer. She does not believe in intruding her personality upon the public, and carries this elimination of self to the extreme of never reading any reviews of her books.

"But," I protested, when we were seated, and I learned this characteristic from a remark on the friendliness of her critics, "surely you have some curiosity as to the opinion of your critics.?"

Mrs. Erskine laughed and shook her head.

"None at all. If I read the reviews of my work, I'd begin to think how my new work would appear to others; I would become self-conscious. As it is, I write without self-consciousness."

"You think self-consciousness noncompatible with good work?"

"The moment you let self intrude, you spoil the vitality of your work. I have as little use for a clipping-bureau as I have for a therausus."

"You mean you never use a synonym book?"

"Never. I compose on a typewriter;

THE HOME OF PAYNE ERSKINE

I can't stop for synonyms." Mrs. Erskine laughed again, excusing herself as she picked up a piece of embroidery; she is not a woman to be long idle

"But in copying your work," I suggested; "in polishing it—"

"My work goes direct from my typewriter to my publishers. I don't make a second copy of it. I send it this way at the request of my publishers, who have a fear, I believe," she smiled, "that in polishing it I may polish away some of the atmosphere."

"You are a rapid writer?"

"On the contrary, I write only eight or ten pages a day. I take a year in writing a novel.

"There is no joy like that of creative writing," I said.

"The joy of creative work is very great," admitted Mrs. Erskine; "but it is second to the joy of loving; not of being loved, but of loving. That is the greatest thing in the world." She glanced up at an oil painting of two children playing together, and answering my look of inquiry, nodded: "Two of my boys, painted by my father."

Mrs. Erskine's father, Alfred Payne, was an Englishman, and an artist of note. Mrs. Erskine was born near Racine, Wis. She was married in 1871, (Mrs. Erskine had to peep into "Who's Who" to be sure of the date), and first came to North Carolina in 1886. Thereafter she continued to come to Tryon every winter, teaching her children herself and preparing them for High School, until in 1908 she made Tryon her permanent home. It is in the last six years—since her husband's death—that Mrs. Erskine has taken up writing "hard," as she expressed it, realizing the necessity of an all-absorbing interest.

Mrs. Erskine is passionately fond of music, possesses a good singing voice

and, like her father, is an artist of unusual talent. In watercolors, oils, and pastels, her landscapes, studies, and portraits show her a thorough master of the brush in color, line, and composition. Her North Carolina wood-scenes are as full of atmosphere as her mountain stories, her studies of the old salves show sympathy and interest, and her paintings of the Alps and of the mountains of Arizona proclaim her a traveler as well as an artist.

I noticed that the piece of linen which Mrs. Erskine was emboridering in an intricate design of Mariposa lillies, was hair shawl thrown over the piano.

"A present from a friend, to whom it was given by the wife of the old Khedive of Egypt."

Mrs. Erskine's rooms are full of equally attractive and interesting articles—an old Chinese cabinet, vases, sculptures, incense-burners, etc.

"There is one question without which no interview is complete," I said. "Who is your favorite author?"

"Dickens!" exclaimed Mrs. Erskine promptly. "I am inordinately fond of Dickens. He is a great plot-maker; and no matter how much fun he has

WHERE PAYNE ERSKINE'S NOVELS ARE WRITTEN

without an inked outline, and remarked as much.

"I make up the design as I go along," exclaimed Mrs. Erskine. "This is a piece of linen that belonged to my grandmother, I am embroidering a piece for each of my children."

I remarked on the beauty of a camel's

with his characters, he leaves you liking your fellows a little better. Thackeray, on the other hand, leaves you with a feeling of pessimism. As for Chesterton, and many another modern writer, well they write to be bizarre, to make a hit, to be clever rather than true."

"Truth, then, is your literary criterion?"

"Optimism. I try to leave my readers in a wholesome, happy, kindly frame of thought."

"What do you consider your best work?"

"The story I am now writing. I call it 'Yon' Way' at present, but may change the title. I had a letter from my publishers today concerning its first chapters." She showed me a letter from Little, Brown & Co., of Boston, in which was splendid commendation of her new work, and this statement: "This story will be another 'Mountain Girl'." Mrs. Erskine protested at this.

" 'The Mountain Girl' has been my most popular story," she said: "but I do not consider it my best work. Compared to my other books, it is like a ballad compared to a composition. There are many people, of course, who prefer ballads."

"Have you written any dramas?"

"A poetical drama—'The Romantic Shepherd'. It is now being set to music. Romance and poerty are my favorites; they make the deepest appeal to me, and I like to write them best."

"Do you work in this room?" I asked. "or on that delightful living porch?"

She shook her head. "In the Little Room. It's a room I had built to work in—apart from the house. I go there after breakfast, before seeing anyone, and write until I automatically stop."

I expressed the desire to see this room, where so much magic was wrought, and Mrs. Erskine led me from the house, along a flower-bordered path, under a great stone arch, and to a studio half concelaed in shrubs and trees.

The Little Room, quite a large room in reality, is filled with easels, pictures, books, old furniture, and the typewriter upon which Mrs. Erskine composes her novels, a bit of machinery that seemed a jarring note in the midst of those artistic surroundings, but in the light of what it is helpful in accomplishing, perhaps, after all, the most artistic thing there.

"There is one accomplishment of which I am pround!" exclaimed Mrs. Erskine, "and which you must see—my golf course!"

She had her carriage called, and drove me over her estate, which consists of six hundred and eighty acres—one of the most beautiful estates in that very beautiful section. We drove past her tennis-courts, past cottages, which she herself has designed, past an old cabin built in 1771 and still in good repair, and then came out on Holly Hills Valley, in which lies the golf course. A course of nine holes, its very situation makes its extension impossible, but it is one of the best nin-hole golf courses imaginable. Around the valley in which it lies, and entirely occupies, Mrs. Erskine has built a three-mile driveway, no small piece of work in itself. But Mrs. Erskine's energy and ability are almost unlimited. Besides constant work in improving her estate, she is a director in the Tryon Mountain Industries, an organization formed to teach the mountain people various crafts, and to aid them in selling their handiwork, thereby bettering their condition—an organization of which her son is president.

Mrs. Erskine, with unfailing tact, does a material good for the mountain folk, and has their great admiration and affection, and indirectly does as great a good for them in her stories. No one who has read her tales of the mountain people can fail to feel keenly the ambitions and disappointments of these folk—their weaknesses and their strength. It is in the delineation of mountain character that Mrs. Erskine is at her best.

MRS. ROBERT R. COTTEN

By Mrs. Al. Fairbrother.

IF ASKED to name the most-public-spirited and best-loved woman in North Carolina today, I should answer unhesitatingly, Sallie Southall Cotten, of Pitt County. And my answer would be echoed around the State.

Mrs. Robert R. Cotten, while not a native of North Carolina, in the sense of having been born within its borders, is the best kind of a Tarheel, for the reason that she left Virginia and became one through her own choice rather than by accident of birth.

Mrs. Cotten confesses to being sixty-eight years of age; rather boasts of it, in fact—the only thing we have ever known her to boast of, except the splendid progress made by women, and especially North Carolina women, during the past decade. Of modest mein and simple dignity, she represents the highest and best type of Southern womanhood—a happy blending of the sweetness and gentleness that characterized our mothers, with the fire and spirit and alertness that marks the twentieth century woman—the New woman, if you please—who grapples with world-wide issues, when those issues affect her home ,her children, her country. A practical theorist, a wide-awake dreamer, a conservative progressive, she possesses in a marked degree the essential qualities for successful leadership, qualities which have been recognized by all who have come under her influence, and which have come under her influence, and which have forced her to the front when conditions arose that called for action.

Her most conspicuous public service up to that time was her splendid work as Lady Manager—both State and National—at the World's Fair in Chicago, in 1892, when she put North Carolina on the Exposition map through the very interesting exhibit of which she was in charge, made possible by her untiring energy and research. For many years she was an active and enthusiastic worker in the National Congress of Mothers, retiring only because of the more pressing need of similar work in her own State, and preferring to work with and for the women of North Carolina.

I have said that she became a Tarheel through her own choice. It might have been more correct to say that she became one through circumstance—that "divinity that shapes our ends." One link in the chain that was to bind her was love for and fidelity to her alma mater. As a graduate of the old Greensboro Female College, she has been one of the most loyal and interested friends of that pioneer college for women, rendering willing service when such service was needed, and vigorously opposing any suggestion that might cause it to lose its identity as one of the oldest institutions of learning in the South. When the name was changed a few years ago, in accordance with more modern ideas, to Greensboro College for Women. Mrs. Cotten wittly remarked that she failed to recognize in the new institution her alma mater, and was at a loss to determine whether she should regard it in future as a stepmother or a mother-in-law.

And yet another link in the chain that held her a willing captive on Carolina shores was that forged by the little winged gentleman who does not take into

account State lines when letting fly his arrows. Her marriage to Mr. Robert R. Cotten—who has done his part also in the making of North Carolina history—in 1866, just three years after her graduation, carried with it an unspoken promise and a pledge faithfully redeemed, that "thy people shall be my people."

From this happy union, and in an ideal country home, not far from Greenville, in Pitt County, six children grew to manhood and womanhood—grew in the atmosphere of a broader culture than enjoyed by the average boy and girl of North Carolina. And all have gone—out into the world of thought and action to take their places, to labor and achieve. But Mrs. Cotten is now very happy in her new responsibilities as grandmother to six other bright boys and girls, whose annual visit to the Pitt County home is the event of the year, and where they have "the time of their life" on the big plantation known as Cottendale—named for the owner, and also on account of the great fields of cotton grown by him.

This hospitable home hangs its latchstring always on the outside—not figuratively, but literally; and Mrs. Cotten, with all her literary work, club work, church work, and the cares of her own household, finds time to work among the women of the neighborhood—to visit the sick, prescribe for the weak babies, and be a real neighbor to those around her.

So modest is she in regard to her achievements that she is always protesting against being given credit that she does not deserve. Above all things she dislikes flattery; she shrinks from anything that suggests, even remotely, self-exploitation, and; in all that she does self is lost sight of—the cause, and the cause only, being her one concern. Even in this little sketch, written at the request of the editor of SKY-LAND Magazine, and notwithstanding the fact that this writer is known as one not given to overpraise, a suggestion has come from her that only facts be given—the truth, unelaborated, be told of her and her work—the plain truth, and nothing but the truth.

And why not? The truth about Mrs. Cotten is good enough. But the trouble is that, while I have had much in common with her the past few years in club work, and have been the gainer by the association, she had won her place in the history of the State before we knew each other; and when that history is written her name will illume a page which will be an inspiration for every woman who reads and heeds.

As an author, poet, and historian, she has shown us why history should be written while it is fresh in the minds of those who record it. In the beautiful lines which from the prologue of her well-known story of "The White Doe"—the Indian legend of "The Fate of Virginia Dare"—told in verse, she says, and says truly:

GOOD NIGHT

"Flowers of Truth, to be immortal, must be gathered while they bloom,
Else they pass into the silence, man's neglect their only blight,
And the Gleaner of the Ages stores them far from human sight."

In the same volume, her "Forgotten Facts and Fancies of American History" is a splendid tribute to the genius, faith, and courage of Sir Walter Raleigh—the man who made possible the founding of this great American nation.

But while active in all movements looking to the betterment of conditions in North Carolina, her sympathies have naturally leaned toward those of her own sex, and the boys and girls who need a helping hand. It was this earn-

est desire to help those who needed help that enlisted her among the early advocates of a training school for wayward boys. The Stonewall Jackson Training School, at Concord, being the outgrowth of the agitation of herself and others. Since the establishment of the institution she has been one of its staunchest friends and most loyal supporters, giving not only kind words and good wishes but substantial financial aid in the days of hardship and necessity.

As president of the North Carolina Federation of Women's Clubs—1911-'13—Mrs. Cotten reaped a bountiful harvest from the good seed which she had been sowing during all the years she had labored so unselfishly for the good of others. While under her administration the organization grew and prospered in all ways, she might truthfully be designated the "educational president." It was during her administration, and at her suggestion that, a State federation endowment fund be started, and that greater effort be made toward aiding young girls desirous of an education but whose circumstances denied them that privilege. On her retirement as president, at the meeting in Newbern, May, 1913, she received an ovation such as no other officer of the Federation had ever been accorded, and one which set a pace for club spirit in North Carolina for all time. At the suggestion of the retiring chairman of the Department of Education, she was made honorary president for life, and accompanying this was the creating of the Sallie Southall Cotten Loan Fund, to assist deserving young women through college. At that session—turned into a regular love feast —the sum of $775 was pledged from the floor, which amount has been steadily in creased until now several young women are being kept at shcool who otherwise would have gone through life handicapped for lack of education.

During the last session of the State legislature, Mrs. Cotten was most interested and active in getting through bills affecting the status of women. It was through the work of the federated clubs that the act was passed making women elgible to serve on school boards; and when the news was sent out the happiest woman in North Carolina was Mrs. Robert R. Cotten.

But her educational activities and inspiration did not stop there. So pleased were the clubwomen of Greenville with the outcome of the Newbern convention that they resolved to do something along the same line for deserving girls of Pitt County. To that end, a Pitt County Federation was formed, with Mrs. Cotten as president, and at the first meeting the three Greenville clubs pledged a sum sufficient to place one girl at the Eastern Carolina Training School the coming session. As with the State educational endowment fund, the number will be increased as means permit.

Mrs. Cotten is as delightful as a presiding officer as on the floor, where she is always the life of the convention. She says she was "born a believer in united effort, and that woman is man's equal even without the ballot." And those who have had occasion to "cross swords" with her will not deny the claim. The effervescence of her unfailing wit and ready repartee is simply evidence of the intellectual strength and good will to men underlying it all—two great forces which meeting in proper proportion, lend to her conversation the sparkle and power which make her a most entertaining and attractive speaker.

THE NORTH CAROLINA HISTORICAL COMMISSION

By R. D. W. Connor

In the preservation of her public archives and the care of her historical records North Carolina has long been among the leaders of the States of the Union. The State is fortunate in that her public archives from the organization of the State government in 1777 to date are practically intact; while a large percentage of her colonial archives have also been preserved. The work of collecting and preserving these records was begun in "Ante-bellum days," by such men as Francis L. Hawks, Gov. William A. Graham and Gov. David L. Swain; and has been continued in recent years by such men as Col. William L. Saunders and Chief Justice Walter Clark. Under the editorial supervision of the last two the State has published 10 large volumes of "Colonial Records," from 1653 to 1776, and 16 volumes of "State Records" from 1777 to 1790. When the work had reached this point it became manifest that some permanent agency, state-supported, was necessary to keep it going. To meet this need the North Carolina Historical Commission was created.

The Act creating the Historical Commission was passed in 1903 and amended, greatly extending the scope of the Historical Commission's duties, in 1907. In 1911 the General Assembly appropriated $250,000 for the erection of a fireproof building in the City of Raleigh for the purpose of properly caring for the State's libraries, archives, and other records; and in this building the second floor has been assigned to the Historical Commission. Here the Historical Commission is provided with offices, reading rooms, filing rooms for its collections, and exhibition halls for its relics, portraits, interesting manuscripts, rare books, and other objects of general interest. The whole is equipped with modern steel furniture, and is as nearly fireproof as such a structure can be made. Nothing can better illustrate the growth in importance and scope of the work of the Historical Commission than the willingness of the Legislature to make such provisions for its expansion.

The duties of the Historical Commission are:

1. To have collected from the files of old newspapers, court records, church records, private collections, and elsewhere, historical data pertaining to the history of North Carolina and the territory included therein from the earliest times.

2. To have such material properly edited, published by the State Printer as other State printing, and distributed under the direction of the Commission.

3. To care for the proper marking and preservation of battle-fields, houses, and other places celebrated in the history of the State.

4. To diffuse knowledge in reference to the history and resources of North Carolina.

5. To encourage the study of the history of North Carolina in the schools of the State, and to stimulate and encourage historical investigation and research among the people of the State.

The most important duty imposed upon the Historical Commission is the collection and preservation of manuscripts pertaining to the history of North Carolina. The largest and most imtant collection of such records is found in the public archives at Raleigh. They cover more than two hundred years of the State's history and are numbered by the tens of thousands. Heretofore they have been inaccessible to students, but the Historical Commission is engaged in arranging, classifying and filing them so that they may be serviceable. When this work is completed these records will throw much new light on important phases of North Carolina history.

In addition to these records the Historical Commission has been collecting the private correspondence of public men,—often the most valuable source of historical knowledge. The Historical Commission has been fortunate in this phase of its work. It has secured, either as gifts or loans, the papers of six governors—Samuel Johnston, William A. Graham, David L. Swain, Zebulon B. Vance, Jonathan Worth, and Charles B. Aycock,—of James Iredell, Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States; of Calvin H. Wiley, first State Superintendent of Public Instruction; of Archibald D. Murphey, "father of public education in North Carolina"; of Thomas Ruffin, Chief Justice; of Mrs. Cornelia Spencer, author; of John H. Bryan, member of Congress; of Bryan Grimes, major-General, C. S. A.; of the Pettigrew family, embracing the papers of Charles Pettigrew, first Bishop of North Carolina; of his son Ebenzer Pettigrew, congressman and planter; and of his son, J. Johnston Pettigrew, the famous Confederate general; and of several others of scarcely less distinction.

The Historical Commission has published fifteen bulletins and several more elaborate volumes, the most important of them being "The Correspondence of Jonathan Worth," 2 volumes; "Public Education in North Carolina, 1790-1840; A Documentary History," 2 volumes; and A Manual of North Carolina, 1913.

The Historical Commission has secured for the State and set up in the Capitol, handsome marble busts of William A. Graham, Samuel Johnston, John M. Morehead and Matt W. Ransom.

A large part of its work, too intangible to be stated in detail, has been in "diffusing knowledge in reference to the history of North Carolina." In the performance of this duty thousands of letters, circulars, and bulletins have been sent out all over the United States, and to foreign countries.

One of the most important and popular phases of the work of the Historical Commission is the Hall of History, under the direction of Fred A. Olds. Here has been collected, and carefully displayed, something more than 12,000 relics, manuscripts, rare books, prints, portraits and miscellaneous objects, illustrating every phase and period of North Carolina history. Thousands of interested persons annually visit the Hall of History.

The Historical Commission is interested in the collection of material, especially manuscripts and newspapers, relating to North Carolina history. To persons who have such collections, however small or however large, it offers a safe depository, careful and scientific supervision, and accessibility to students. Many such collections in private houses have been lost, through negligence and through fires. The Historical Commission offers protection from both. All such collections in private hands are inaccessible to students, and inasmuch

as the value of any such document depends entirely on its use, so long as it remains inaccessible it is valueless; the Historical Commission makes material in its possession accessible to students, and, therefore, valuable and useful. The Historical Commission invites correspondence from all persons interested in the preservation of our history.

The members of the Historical Commission are appointed by the Governor. At present they are: Hon. J. Bryan Grimes, Secretary of State, Dr. D. H. Hill, President of North Carolina Agricultural and Mechanical College, Mr. W. J. Peele, attorney of the Raleigh Bar, Mr. T. H. Pittman, attorney of the Henderson Bar, and Mr. M. C. S. Noble, Dean of the School of Education, University of North Carolina. Colonel Grimes is Chairman and Mr. R. D. W. Connor, Raleigh, N. C., is Secretary. All correspondence should be addressed to the Secretary.

PLAYS AS READING MATTER

THE growing popularity of the acting play in published form is a significant fact. Ten years ago the acting-play was almost impossible to obtain by the reading-public; five years ago the majority of the printed plays were those of such masters as Ibsen, Suderman, Pinero Maeterlinek; today leading publishing houses in this country issue series of acting plays, selected because of recent popular appeal to the theater-going public. Thus instead of getting our plays via a second-rate novelization, as has too often been the case, we get them as they left their author's pen, ideas and artistry intact. If, as is often asserted, a dramatized novel lacks the life of its original form, the converse is equally true; a novelized play is nearly always inadequate.

This awakening on the part of the public to the existence of a dramatic literature as a distinct and not a secondary literature from that of the novel writer, will tend to create a higher standard in the theater itself. The more good plays people read, the more critical they will be of the plays they see, and this criticism will not be without its effect upon the men who produce plays.

That there is a manifest pleasure in reading plays is attested by their increased sales; strong, terse dialog is always stimualting, and while it is necessary to visualize the action of a play in order to get its full values, at least no one is put to the trouble of skipping the four-page description of the orchard at sunset or the heroine's equally lengthy soliloquy on eugenics, without which no novel is complete.

WHAT THE LIBRARY COMMISSION IS DOING FOR NORTH CAROLINA

By Minnie W. Leatherman

GIBBON says, in his Memoirs, "Every man who rises above the common level has received two educations; the first from his teachers; the second, more personal and important, from himself." It is with this second education that which a man gives himself, that the North Carolina Library Commission is concerned.

The Library Commission was created by Legislative enactment, in 1909, for the explicit purpose of developing and extending the library interests of North Carolina. The aim is to give to every inhabitant of the State a fair chance to read and study, not only in school but outside of the schools; and to this end to promote a liberal supply of good books, which shall be free to all.

Some of the functions assigned to the Commission are mandatory; some are permissive. The law states definitely that the "Commission SHALL give assistance, advice, and counsel to all libraries in the State, to all communities which may propose to establish libraries, and to all persons interested, as to the best means of establishing and administering such libraries"; that it SHALL employ a trained librarian as Secretary ;that every library in the State SHALL make an annual report to the Commission; and that the Commission itself SHALL make a biennial report to the Governor. Other functions specified in the law are of a permissive nature, and, fortunately, include features of extension work not only desirable but necessary if all the people of North Carolina are to be supplied with free books.

An account of the various activities of the Library Commission, an explanation of the methods which it employs in a sincere endeavor to fulfill the purpose for which it was created, shows in a definite way "What the Library Commission is Doing for North Carolina."

1. IT HELPS ESTABLISH, ORGANIZE, AND MAINTAIN PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

When this duty is carefully considered, it is seen that it represents a far-reaching field of service; and the character of this service is one that calls for skilled and experienced workers. There is a general and rapidly growing interest in libraries, but this interest must be properly directed in order that our multiplying libraries shall be GOOD libraries. Clubs, associations, and towns are advised to postpone the establishment until it is possible to have some regular support, and a fund to purchase sufficient books to make a creditable beginning. Our slogan is not more libraries, but more GOOD libraries.

If a town is large enough to support a public library, the Commission gladly responds to requests for help, and in some instances takes the initiative. The pioneer task of arousing a sentiment in favor of the library movement, and securing a good collection of books and a suitable home for the library, calls for courage, persistance, and optimism on the part of those interested; and the Secretary of the Library Commission

actively co-operates in this work. The Commission sends campaign material, puts articles in the local paper, writes letters to influential citizens, helps to arrange for public meetings, and does everything in its power to explain why a public library will help the town, and to line up the various organizations and officials behind the movement. It advises and counsels; it furnishes lists of books for first purchase, and tells how and where to buy them; it assists in the selection of a librarian, and teaches the librarian how to organize the library according to modern library methods.

The organization of a library from the technical side includes the classifying and proper arrangement of the books on the shelves; starting the accession book and the shelf list; installing a simple charging system, and teaching the librarian how to keep the records which are necessary to furnish statistics for the annual report which is required by law.

The small salaries which are paid in most of our public libraries entail inexperienced librarians, and one of the most valuable services the Library Commission can render is to show them to administer their libraries according to the best modern methods.

2. It Assists in the Reorganization of Libraries.

The improvement of libraries already established, which are not rendering efficient service to their patrons, is as important as the establishment of new libraries. The Commission gives assistance and counsel to librarians and library boards regarding ways and means of reorganization, and if the institution can possibly afford it recommends a competent organizer. In some instances, the work is done by the Secretary of the Commission.

No matter how large or how old a library is, the commission endeavors to keep in touch with it, to visit it periodically, and to assist in every way in making it an effectual moral, social, and educational force in the community.

3. The Commission Serves as a Central Bureau.

The Library Commission is doing for the libraries, librarians, and library interests of the State what the office of the Superintendent of Public Instruction is doing for the schools and educational interests. The Commission serves as a center for the collection and distribution of information and statistics relating to books and libraries. It secures annual reports from all libraries in the State—public, college, university, and State; and from these reports compiles and publishes an annual statistical table setting forth library conditions and progress in North Carolina.

The Commission issues a quarterly publication, entitled the North Carolina Library Bulletin, which is sent to librarians, library trustees, and all other making application therefor. This Bulletin serves as a means of communication between the Commission and the libraries, and contains information as to the activities of the Commission, suggestions and aids for librarians, items of general interest, and the library news of our own State.

4. The Commission Loans Traveling Libraries

The farmer cannot have a public library just around the corner, but if free books are a good thing for the men, women and children who live in cities and towns, surely they should also be provided for those who live in the country. And this is the object of the Traveling Library system.

A traveling library is a box of books containing about forty volumes, which is loaned without charge to rural com-

munities or to towns too small to establish and maintain public libraries, About one-third of the books are for children, one-third or more are novels, and the others the best and most popular volumes on various subjects.

The rules governing the loan of libraries are as few and simple as possible. Application may be made through a library association, organized for the purpose; through a Farmers' Union Local; or five taxpayers may sign the application. Borrowers agree to pay the freight both from and to Raleigh; to be responsible for the safe return of the books; and that every one in the community may use the books without charge. A library may be kept three months, and if desired renewed for one month longer. It is then returned to the Commission office, and another box, containing an entirely different collection of books, is sent to take its place. Thus the traveling library makes it possible for the people living in small towns and rural communities to have library privileges similar to those enjoyed by residents of cities and the larger towns.

A library just returned reports a circulation of one hundred and fifty, and fifty-one readers; another, thirty-seven readers (the population of the district is only fifty), and a circulation of one hundred and twenty-six. These figures, however, do not indicate the actual number of times the books were read; for, in many instances, a book is borrowed by one member of a family, but is read by several.

One librarian, when returning a traveling library, wrote: "I must thank everyone connected with the Library Commission for the delightful hours spent in reading during this extremely cold and unpleasant winter. How everyone in the country who read the books enjoyed them; and they are grateful that the good Old North State is reaching its many sons and daughters through good clean books. None kept the books over time; often they would be returned before the time limit expired. Everyone was so thankful for the opportunity to read the good books, they were willing to comply with all the regulations."

5. It Operates Debate and Other Package Libraries

It seems that the North Carolina Library Commission was the first organization in the South to send out package libraries. A typical package library contains two or three books, pamphlets, and magazine articles. They are loaned to clubs, to rural schools and to individuals, for a period of three weeks, the borrower paying the parcel post both ways.

A debate library is a package library containing literature on both the affirmative and negative sides of some political or social question. These are loaned to schools and debating societies, but not to individuals.

Literature to be used in writing commencement essays and speeches, as well as recitations and orations, is loaned to the rural schools. During the month of March, over eleven hundred pieces were sent out.

6. It Extends Special Privileges to Farmers

The Commission maintains a collection of books on agriculture and country life, consisting of sixty titles, the most important and popular being duplicated. A group of ten books is loaned to a Farmer's Union local for two months, or single volumes are loaned to individuals (farmers) for one month, upon receipt of application signed by an officer of a local organization or by a town or county official.

The State Department of Agriculture has recently appropriated three hundred dollars to be used in extending and en-

larging this collection. In addition ,a library will be prepared containing ten of the best books on agriculture. This library will be known as the Farmers' Library, and will be duplicated in sufficient numbers to meet the demand.

Summarizing the work of the Library Commission, we find it is encouraging, stimulating, and assisting in the establishment of good libraries; that it is helping to make old libraries more efficient; that it serves as a center for the collection and distribution of all kinds of information relating to books and libraries; and, most important of all, that it is making a beginning towards supplying the rural population with books. We cannot attempt to compete with other States, that set aside from six thousand dollars to seventy-five thousand dollars a year for library commission work, but we are endeavoring to study the needs of North Carolina, and to apply our limited funds to the best advantage, thereby rendering the State the largest possible return for the sum given into our charge.

THE NORTH CAROLINA FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS

Compiled by I. Irwin Paylor

Reference—Mrs. Robert R. Cotten's "First Decade of Growth."

ORGANIZATIONS of women for church work and for literary culture have existed in many places, but the woman's club sprang from the need of wider fields of activity felt by the more highly educated womanhood developed by the nineteenth century.

The first effort to form a united organization of clubs was in 1889 by the New York Sorosis, and the General Federation of Women's Clubs was the result of that convention. No State Federations were formed till 1892 when Maine came to the front and formed the first State Federation. In six years thirty state Federations had been formed, and now every State in the Union has a State Federation of Clubs all of which belong to the General Federation.

The North Carolina Federation of Clubs was organized in 1902 and joined the General Federation in 1903. The organization was made during the Centennial Celebration at Salem Academy in Winston-Salem in May 1902. Miss Louise Poppenheim, then President of the South Carolina Federation, and corresponding secretary of the General Federation suggesting that the organization be effected, and Mrs. Lindsay Patterson of Winston-Salem promising co-operation in the effort. An official call was sent to the clubs in North Carolina, many responding, and the first meeting was held at the residence of Mrs. Henry R. Starbuck on May 26, 1902, with Miss Poppenheim temporary chairman and Mrs. A. J. Howell (Wilmington Sorosis) temporary secretary. An organization was made and a constitution adopted.

The next day the young organization met for final action in the chapel of the Moravian church in Salem. The clubs enrolled at that meeting were Sorosis, Round Table and Embroidery, of Winston-Salem; the North Carolina Sorosis, of Wilmington; the Goldsboro Women's Club; the Circulating Book Club of Salisbury; the Alpha Club of Statesville; clubwomen from Asheville, Lexington and Waynesville were present. The officers elected were: President, Mrs. Linsay Patterson; First Vice-President, Mrs. Robert R. Cotten; Second-Vice-President, Mrs. W. R. Hollowell, Recording Secretary Miss Margaret L. Gibson, Corresponding Secretary; Miss Clayton Candler, Treasurer, Mrs. Chas. Price.

The departments were assigned on the lines of work of Education, Library Extension, Village Improvement and State Charities. The first annual meeting was held in the chapel of Salem Academy in October, 1902, with twenty-five delegates present. The federated clubs had increased from seven to seventeen and a department of art and music was added. The Keystone was adopted as the official organ of the North Carolina Federation and remained so until its discontinuance several months ago.

Mrs. W. J. Parker of Greensboro and Miss Margaret Gibson of Wilmington composed the committee appointed by the General Federation to do the work now done by General Federation State Secretary. Dr. Clewell of Salem Academy; Miss Poppenheim of the General Federation; Mrs. Martha Orr Patterson, President of the South Carolina Federation made addresses before the convention. Mrs. J. S. Coppleman, President of the Mississippi Federation sent a song written to the N. C. Federation, and greetings from other states and the general Federation were read. A musical and reception by Dr. and Mrs. Clewell and a street car ride ended the convention.

(To Be Continued.)

ARCHIBALD HENDERSON

By Maurice Gordon Fulton.

A FEW months ago, I was in conversation with a gentleman of prominence in North Carolina, and I was surprised to have him express to me his belief that in an intellectual and literary way the State had impoverished herself by giving her sons gifted in these respects to other states. Though very little reflection was sufficient to convince me that North Carolina had been in this matter liberal to her sister states in the nearer as well as the remoter periods of her history, yet I was by no means prepared to admit that because of this fact she was taking a backward place in intellectual matters. Why then should a distinguished citizen hold such a view? I was forced to think that it must be the result, not of deliberate and careful investigation, but of sheer ignorance. If such ignorance regarding those who are at this time engaged in adding to North Carolina's literary fame can exist among a representative of the most cultured class of the state, what must the condition among the people at large? In the face of the conditions which this incident suggests, it may not be a vain effort to endeavor to encourage the recognition of native ability and the honoring of it as it should be honored by acquainting North Carolinians somewhat more intimately with the work of Dr. Archibald Henderson, who, of those at present engaged in creative literary work, is perhaps the most notable.

To one familiar with Dr. Henderson's work, one of the outstanding features of it is the widespread recognition it has received, for through his writings, he has received not only national, but international, fame.

His critical studies of Ibsen, Maeterlinck, Meredith, and other present-day writers published under the title "Interpreters of Life and the Modern Spirit" has received remarkable appreciation abroad, as is shown by the following typical quotations from English and French critical journals. The literary critic of the PALL MALL GAZETTE pronounced the book a notable work containing the most brilliant and best balanced appreciation of Bernard Shaw yet written, and Henry D. Davray, writing in the MERCURE DE FRANCE said, "The title indicates the point of view taken by the author in order to study these writers, and it is with a remarkable perspicacity that he analyses their personality and their work as a function of the 'modern spirit'. . . . These studies reveal in the critic a rarely comprehensive knowledge of the movement of ideas in our epoch, an attentive study of the works of the writers he examines and of the literatures of the principal European nations, and with this noteworthy erudition he combines a remarkable penetration." These are indeed notable tributes. But the same high esteem has also been won by Dr. Henderson's biographical and critical discussion of Mark Twain. The London TIMES declares the book to be "invaluable for the literary student of the future"; the London OUTLOOK described it "as the best account and interpretation of a great personality"; and similar praise might be multiplied from several

other English and continental journals.

Such international appreciation of Dr. Henderson's work is especially notable in his monumental life of Bernard Shaw. From English journals such as the WESTMINSTER GAZETTE, THE LONDON BOOKMAN, THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS; from French journals such as the MERCURE DE FRANCE, the JOURNAL DES DEBATS; from the NEUE FREIE PRESSE of Vienna, from the TRIBUNE of Rome, from the ARCHIV FUR DIE GESHICHTE DES SOCIALISMUS UND DER ARBEITER-BEWEGUNG, and other foreign publications, striking tributes to Dr. Henderson's success in this great critical biography might be quoted.

Nor is it in the field of literary criticism that Dr. Henderson has won recognition abroad. In his professional writings in the field of mathematics he has likewise achieved distinction. His scientific treatise on the TWENTY SEVEN LINES OF THE CUBIC SURFACE won recognition at the University of Cambridge, an institution which has always stood for leadership in mathematical scholarship, and was published by the Cambridge Press.

In like manner one might go through the list of Dr. Henderson's writings and give specific instances of appreciation, both at home and abroad. The provincialism shown by Sidney Smith in 1820 in his oft-quoted sneer, "Who reads an American book?" has by no means disappeared from England or from the Continent, and such appreciation abroad as has come to Dr. Henderson is exceedingly unusual and must clearly be set down to the outstanding ability shown in his work. As some one has said, "For long America has paid attention to foreign critics and scholars. It is Dr. Henderson's distinction that he has made England and the continent listen."

But I would not have my emphasis on this point of his national and international recognition prove misleading. Some might think Dr. Henderson a writer with only an interest in the more escteric forms of literature, and so removed considerably from the interests of his fellow-North Carolinians. Such is very far from being the case. He is a man with the deepest love of his native state and a most earnest desire to make the higher culture prevail within her borders. This has been the fundamental ambition in those books of national and international fame which I have already mentioned. remote though they may seem from the actual interests of North Carolina. But in other ways he has shown this deep interest in his native state. He has written critical studies of those North Carolinians who have achieved eminence in a literary way,—such figures as John Charles McNeill, "O. Henry", Christian Reid", C. Alphonso Smith, R. D. W. Connor, and others. He has likewise made valuable original contributions to the historical literature of the state. For many years, he has been making extensive studies of the movement of westward expansion in the early nineteenth century in which North Carolina played such an important role. The results of this study, dealing with the careers of Richard Henderson, Daniel Boone, James Robertson, Isaac Shelby, John Sevier, and George Rogers Clark, which have recently appeared serially in one of our magazines, for the first time show what North Carolina really did in this great movement of westward expansion. This in only a fragment of the work Dr. Henderson has projected in this interesting and highly important field.

Not merely by his writing has Dr. Henderson shown his interest in North Carolina, he has also shown it by other

activities. An instance of this is his activity in raising a fund of $1,500 for a memorial to "O. Henry". The motive that led Dr. Henderson to undertake this difficult task and to carry it through to success almost by his own individual efforts alone are interesting and characteristic. Feeling that the state had been backward in the recognition of literary ability, and believing that the state should properly memorialize the work of this gifted son as an encouragement to later generations, he began a campaign for funds for this purpose. He might have contented himself with the far easier task of raising a few hundred dollars, a sum quite sufficient for a third class memorial, such as an oil painting, a crude bust, or something of that sort; by some insignificant painter ro sculptor; but this could not satisfy Dr. Henderson because of his belief that if a writer is a great artist, he should be memorialized by a great artist. Accordingly, Dr. Henderson made his goal a sum sufficient to permit the execution of a suitable memorial by some artist of out-standing ability. And when the memorial is completed and placed suitably in Raleigh, the state will have just grounds for gratitude to Dr. Henderson, not only that he has reminded North Carolina, but also that he has produced a writer who has won great fame in the world of letters and can produce more, and that he has shown North Carolina how properly to celebrate her "architects of the spirit."

From this very summary account, I hope one will get a clear idea of the value of Dr. Henderson's literary work. But in the case of the writer as in the case of every other man, the important question is, after all, not what he does, but what he is. As Carlyle has said, back of the book is always the man himself. Let me then endeavor to give some impressions of Dr. Henderson's personality. The fact that he is a professor of mathematics in the University of North Carolina and a writer of books in the field of literary criticism and historical research would, doubtless, lead many to think of him as, to use an expressive bit of American slang, a high-brow. But this is far from being the case. Dr. Henderson is an exceedingly human type of man. As Mrs. Margaret Busbee Shipp has appropriately said, "The distinctive charm of the man Archibald Henderson is that he is not the complex personality which he can so subtly portray, but a genial human being with a splendid sincerity, simplicity and directness. The very versatility of his gifts makes him approach the standard of 'the catholic man' ". To the writer, it seems that Dr. Henderson is a particularly good example of the modern type of American college professor,—a man who touches life on many more sides than the one to which his professional duties call him, a man who is alive to modern tendencies and eager to be of great service in helping forward the sway of the great new social forces.

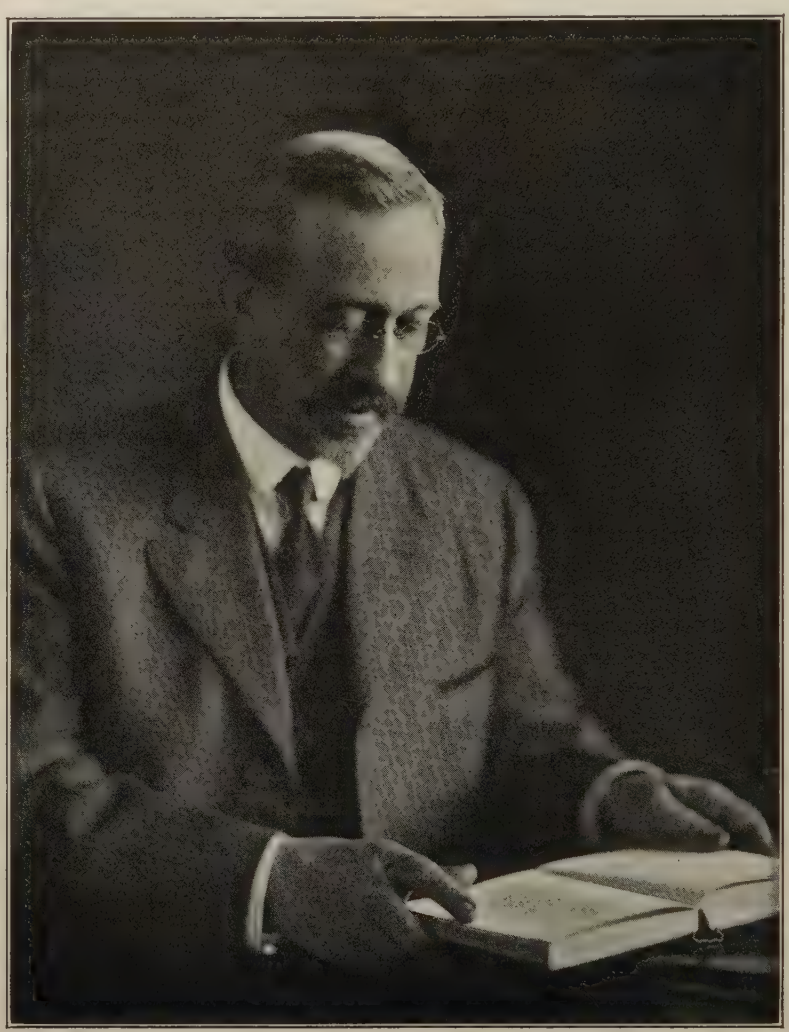
It is true that Dr. Henderson works hard in his study and is an indefatigable student and an insatiable reader. When one recalls the many demands made on a college professor's time by the routine duties of his chair—some one has wittily remarked that college professors should be classed with mothers, farmers and others whose work was never done—it is hard to understand how Dr. Henderson finds time to write as much as he does. His accomplishment of publishing during a fourteen months foreign sojourn five books and more than thirty essays in leading magazines was most remarkable. It is interesting to know that the secret of his ability to accomplish so much Dr. Henderson attributes to the

influence of the late William James in this interesting way. The single piece of literature which has exerted the most far-reaching influence on his life, Dr. Henderson says is William James' essay entitled "The Extra Energies of Life." In this essay James suggests that man, working under high pressure, is capable of an unsuspected amount of productive work. This he can accomplish by drawing upon latent sources of energy, the existence of which he scarcely suspects until he finds some supreme use for their aid. This idea Dr. Henderson has adopted and lived up to and this with the utilization of what might be called time-waste has resulted in his accomplishing so much.

But Dr. Henderson is no recluse. He is very associative, and likes to be much in the company of his fellows. To the visitor, the college student, colleagues of the faculty, intimate friends, or casual stranger, he is always cordial and genial. The ideal home life at "Fordell" in Chapel Hill, presided over by Mrs. Henderson who was the attractive and accomplished Minna Curtis Bynum of Lincolnton, makes it a place where one delights to be. Dr. Henderson is thoroughly wide awake to all the movements of the day. and in his attitude toward these he is thoroughly democratic. He is a vigorous supporter of women suffrage, and deeply interested in all the movements for the improvement of the lot of the working classes, especially the women and children of this section of our population. His social idealism leads him to look forward to the future and see the vision of the world with universal suffrage, adjustment of differences between labor and capital, universal peace, unity of religious forces, and all that may make the world a happier and a better place in which to live.

In fact, if I had to point out what it was that gives unity to all that Dr. Henderson has done for our educational, cultural, and humanitarian interests, I should specify freedom and devotion to it; the freedom of the drama from the blight of commercialism, the freedom of literature from the blight of sordidness and materialism, the freedom of his state from the blight of sectionalsim and provinciality, ~~from life~~. Perhaps it is for these reasons that he has been so generally recognized as North Carolina's foremost man of letters. In view of all that Dr. Henderson has done and the promise of yet greater things that he will do, is it not fitting that the citizenry of North Carolina should echo the significant remark of the late Governor Aycock in a public speech, "Thank God North Carolina has at last produced a man who can produce literature of the first order."

"Ope wide your gates! A guest appears
Who oft has been before
Tis Yuletide, hoary grown with years,
But welcome as of yore.
Now may his visit mean for you,
Ere sinks the year to rest,
A time when joy shall have his due,
A season bright and blest."



S. Lipinsky

Founder of the Bon Marche and more than a quarter century the central figure in Asheville's commercial world.

S. LIPINSKY

AN APPRECIATION

Possessing the true spirit of altruism, wonderful breadth of view and clearness of judgment, S. Lipinsky's counsel is sought by men of all classes, and his name heads every progressive movement for the public welfare.

A man with the vision—S. Lipinsky twenty-five years ago foresaw the possibilities for building up a great intra- and inter-state mail order business, and embracing the opportunity, he has worked along conservative lines and established one of if not the largest department store in North Carolina which has increased its mail order business from year to year until it at present assumes the proportions of a tremendous volume.

Having built his career upon the foundation stones of strictest integrity and conservatism, with quality his trademark and the satisfied customer his most profitable advertisement, S. Lipinsky is recognized as a preeminently successful business man and one of Asheville's most honored citizens.

THE GLORIES OF THE "LAND OF THE SKY" AND ASHEVILLE

(By N. Buckner)

THE autumnal tints which glorify the mountains of the "Land of the Sky" and the increased ozone in the air during the autumn and winter months, make the joy of living each succeeding day greater than the day before. On the Asheville Plateau in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Western North Carolina with an average altitude above sea level of from 2,000 to 2,500 feet, barriered in by a great rim of mountains round about, snow and ice even in mid-winter are so rare as to be a source of joy. In this wonderful region with its brilliant sunshine, balmy breezes and blue sky, outdoor life is unrestricted by weather conditions. Almost every day in the year the golf devotees, the automobile enthusiast, the horseback rider, the mountain climber and the sportsman may indulge in his favorite pastime to his heart's content.

In the midst of this beautiful plateau is Asheville, a twentieth century city, modern, progressive, hospitable. Any description of Asheville were trite and

Big Loop on Grove Autoway to Summit of Sunset Mountain.

Crystal Falls, Source of Asheville's Water Supply.

inadequate that pictures it merely as modern, beautiful, healthful and restful, and "famous as a tourist resort." These adjectives may be truthfully applied to Asheville, but they do not convey to the reader the real impression of the city and its environment. Asheville, the "Madonna of the Mountains" has as many facets as an exquisitely cut diamond. It is a place of curious and charm anomalies, — anomalies that blend, one with the other in a way so natural as to be a source of constant delight to the beholder. It is modern, yet primitive, it is quaint, yet conventional, it is softly beautiful, yet ruggedly picturesque; and it has all the urban facilities with all rural advantages. Its environment is a region of sweetness and balm; of sunshine, glorious grandeur and sublimity unsurpassed in their marvels of combination in the world.

Asheville is one of the oldest cities in the mid-south country, and was established in 1791. It is the county seat of Buncombe County, which was named in honor of Colonel Edward Buncombe, a native of St. Kitts, West Indies, who was one of the pioneers of Western North Carolina upon which nature has

been so lavish in the bestowal of her charms. Over the entrance ot the doorway to Colonel Buncombe's spacious home was the little distitch

"To Bumcombe Hall Welcome All."

Long years ago the citizens of Asheville adopted this legend as the motto of their city; and up to its letter and to its spirit they live. Their doors swing wide open to the constant stream of visitors, whether they come for pleasure, for health, for rest and recreation, or for business.

In all of its municipal appointments it is a model community. Advanced methods, a complete equipment and a absolute purity and abundance. It is conveyed to the city by gravity, a distance of nearly twenty miles, in underground conduits, with a daily capacity of nearly five million gallons; its use is lavish and unstinted. The streets, thirty miles paved, are flushed with water under heavy pressure twice a week, and their cleanliness is a subject of comment to the many visitors that throng the fashionable hotels and boarding houses. The lighting system is the modern 5-light ornamental post throughout the principal business streets and all telephone and telegraph wires are underground. There is a trolley system of more than 26 miles exceptionally well

Sunset Mountain, 3117 Feet, Terminus of Grove Autoway, 5½ Miles From Pack Square, Asheville.

perfect sanitary system supplemented by a stringent code of regulations promote convenience and comfort and insure agreeable and healthful conditions of living. The water supply is drawn from the 11,000-acre watershed owned by the city far up on the slopes of Mt. Mitchell, 6,711 feet, highest peak east of the Rocky Mountains. The sources are absolutely protected, the entire boundary being under fence and daily patrolled by wardens, assuring water of operated, with lines radiating from central Pack Square to all parts of the town and suburbs, with seven-and-a-half and fifteen-minute schedules.

Asheville is famous not merely as a resort town, but as a home town as well. Wealthy people have settled here; and of course there are fine houses and beautiful lawns and grounds. One, Biltmore, home of the widow and daughter of the late Mr. George W. Vanderbilt, is the most superb country

estate in America. This great estate was founded after a commission, it is said, had searched North America for the place where would grow the greatest number of trees and shrubs. A feature that strongly impresses one is the great number of handsome cottages and bungalow homes of a type with singularly pleasing lines. Indeed, it would be difficult to find a place of corresponding size more attractive than Asheville as a residence town. Perhaps the beautiful velvety green lawns, the fragrant flowers and the mocking birds have something to do with it.

Among the commanding view points close at hand are those of the Battery Park Hotel on a hill almost in the center of the city and three hundred feet higher; the Grove Park Inn, the most unique tourist hotel in the world, on the slopes of Sunset Mountain, the Manor, in beautiful Albemarle Park near the foot of Sunset; Margo Terrace on the western slope of Battery Park Hill; the roof garden of the Langren within a hundred and fifty feet of Pack Square; and the Swannanoa-Berkeley looking across on Beaumont mountain. Sunset Mountain, to the northeast, is 3,117 feet above sea level, and is reached over an exclusive autoway built by Mr. E. W. Grove, who built Grove Park Inn, a distance of five and a half miles from the center of Asheville. From this point of vantage is spread a scene of vernal beauty that encompasses rare delights of mountains and valleys, while in the full look across the Asheville plateau there is a world of grandeur and loveliness of setting that stretches away to the far off mountains in the west, where the majestic peaks of "Pisgah and the Rat", Richland Balsam, Cold Mountain and the Bald pierce the sky at altitudes of 5,749, 6,540, 6,000 and 5,400 feet respectively with a dozen others ranging in height from 3,100 to 5,000 feet. In fact, within a hundred and twenty-five miles of Asheville are twenty-three peaks higher than Mt. Washington, 6,290 feet; forty three peaks higher than 6,000 feet, and eighty-two peaks higher than 5,000 feet, with Mt. Mitchell, 6,711 feet, the Monarch of the East.

The Good Roads enthusiasm is fairly

PACK SQUARE LOOKING WEST, ASHEVILLE. PACK MEMORIAL LIBRARY TO RIGHT, VANCE MONUMENT IN FOREGROUND, CITY HALL IN BACKGROUND.

County Court House, Asheville.

bubbling over throughout the entire plateau of Western North Carolina, and where one year ago there was but one automobile highway entering Asheville, the Asheville-Greenville (S. C.) highway across Paris mountain, there are now three motor highways coming into Asheville from the National Highway, the Asheville-Charlotte highway, the Asheville-Spartanburg highway and the one first mentioned. The Central Highway of North Carolina passes through Asheville, and the link on the Blue Ridge mountains 25 miles east of Asheville is now being rapidly constructed by a large force under the supervision of government engineers, and it is expected that this highway will be completed and opened for motor travel for the summer season of 1915, making four motor roads into Asheville from the east. The Central Highway has also been designated as the Southern National Highway from Washington across the southern part of the United States to San Diego, on the Pacific coast. But twenty six miles of this road about a dozen miles on each side of the Tennessee-North Carolina state line in the Smoky Mountains, remains to be completed, and fifty state convicts are working east from the state line toward the Buncombe-Madison County line, where the road has been already constructed by the Buncombe County authorities. East Tennessee is issuing bonds to complete her dozen miles, and by the early fall of 1915 this link will probably be completed opening up entrance into Asheville from the west and northwest through the wonderful mountains and gorges of the swiftly flowing French Broad River, following closely the tracks of the Southern Railway.

Large and rapid growth has come to Asheville in the past three or four years, and it is one of the magic cities where "hard times" is never heard, and where, in fact, European war conditions have made no dent in the business life of the community, that have so generally caused some business depression in

many sections of the country. To the contrary, in fact, the present tourist season shows material gains in tourists in the leading hotels, due, no doubt, to the fact that those who have usually been going abroad at this season are exploring the beauties of America, this special location proving a "find" of rare beauty and interest to the globe-trotters who have heretofore imagined that nothing but Europe and the old world could offer the unusual and unapproachable in scenic grandeur and glory.

From the standpoint of civic improvement, Asheville stands well up towards leadership. It was Asheville that first passed a city ordinance against expectorating on the sidewalks and in public buildings, June 1898; likewise, Asheville was the first city in America to begin actively an anti-fly crusade, March, 1896, and its literature bearing on this work is being requested by many cities from all parts of the globe. With certified milk, thorough meat and milk inspection, a strict supervision by the health department of all communicable diseases and compulsory fumigation; with more than fifty miles of sewer lines and 65 miles of water lines and a modern incinerator for the disposal of garbage and trash, it will be seen that Asheville looks well indeed to the health of its citizens and visitors.

With its thirty-eight miles of paved streets connecting with the macadam roads leading out to all parts of the county and section, together with the through highways connecting with the great highways of the country, the rare charm of the "Land of the Sky" is compelling, giving greater joy for each succeeding day. Clear weather is the rule in Asheville. The white flag of the weather Bureau is customarily at its masthead. If, down in the valley below, the fog gathers at night, it is only to lift in the morning and roll up beyond the mountain tops,—Nature raising the stage curtains to reveal a new scene. Asheville is not a market for quinine, because there are no mosquitoes, consequently no malaria.

Asheville draws its rapidly increasing citizenship from widely scattered parts of the country. Persons representing the North and the South have come to visit and to live in Asheville. This coming together of people from different sections has resulted in a spirit of fine cosmopolitanism. Asheville's wide spread landscape gives breadth of view; the Asheville air kills the germ of prejudice and asphyxiates the last germ of sectionalism. Tolerance and friendliness and hospitality in the superlative degree prevail.

ASHEVILLE

"Oh! mountain-girt city of Asheville,
The gem of "The Land of the Sky,"
The rose of the beautiful valley,
With the French Broad flowing by,
How grand is the sweep of the mountains
Encircling the hill and the vale,
How pure are the musical fountains,
And soft the caress of the gale.

'Tis here that the zephyrs are fondest,
For they heal with a touch of their wings;
'Tis here that the flowers are fairest,
And here that the mountain rill sings;
'Tis here that the trill of the bluebird
Sweetly blends with the oriole's song,
As they flit over meadow and hillside,
In the sunlight, all the day long.

'Tis here that the cheeks of the maiden,
Bloom out with the roses of health,
And the invalid lover of mammon
Feels a joy that is better than wealth;
For the skies that are bright as Italian,
With the greenwooded mountains and glen,
Bring back the full vigor of manhood,
And life is worth living again.

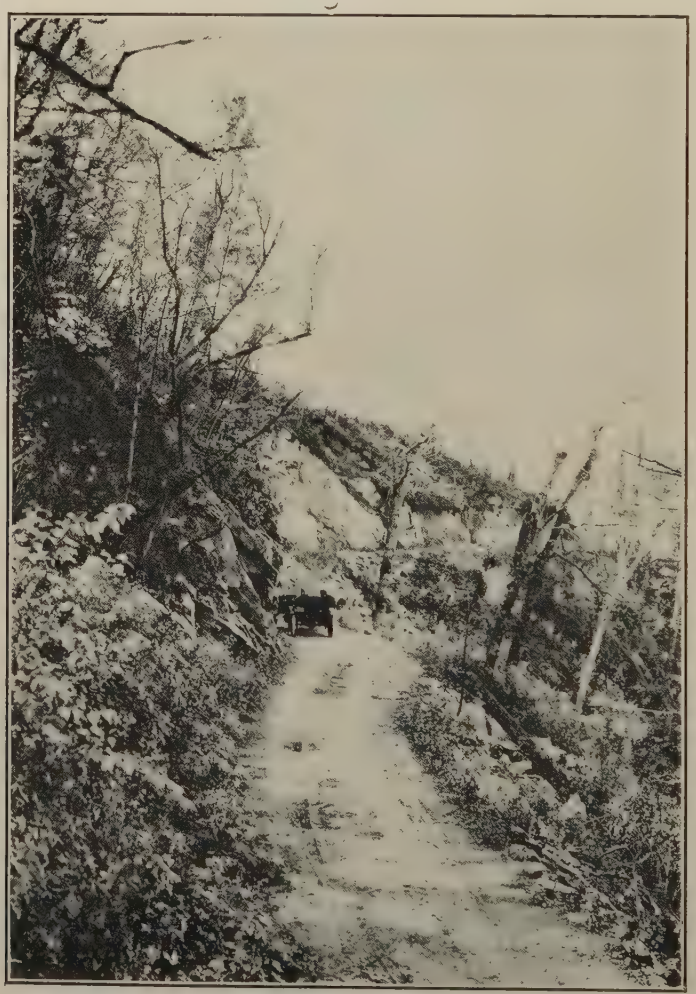
Oh! beautiful city of Asheville,
Romancer nor poet can write
The beauties that cluster around thee
Like the glittering stars of the night!
But the eye of enraptured beholder
Alone, to the soul, of them speaks,
From the scenes of the swift rolling river
All around to the tall mountain peaks."

AN INTERESTING HISTORY OF ST. GENEVIEVE'S

(Contributed)

IN THE year 1910 a new school introduced a fresh addition to the highest rank of Southern educational institutions in St. Genevieve's College of Asheville.

The Westward trend of culture, old as civilization, today is enriching America with the treasures of Europe as never before. A detail of this movement is the transfer to England and America, of



PISGAH MOUNTAIN—EAST SIDE—SHOWING ROAD CUT THROUGH SOLID ROCK.

PISGAH MOUNTAIN—VIEW OF EAST SIDE.

Catholic teaching sisterhoods, as a result of recent political developments in France. For a hundred years wealthy Americans have been sending their daughters to France for education, and many, not otherwise interested in Catholic affairs, have hailed the suppression of religious schools by the French government as a promise of bringing the advantages of the best foreign training nearer home. This promise is being fulfilled in the new College of St. Genevieve.

This institution is the premier American foundation of the Sisters of Christian Education, an Order originating in Normandy in 1817, and which has for almost a century formed the minds and manners of the daughters of the best families of France. Argentan, Lille, Falaise and more than a score of other houses flourished, many of them reinvesting the hard-earned emoluments of higher education if free schools for the poor. The mother house of the Order is now in Belgium. But, twenty-five years ago, a member of the Order, whose marvelous executive ability would win for her distinction in any enterprise, foreseeing the course of affairs in France,

CLOSE VIEW OF PISGAH AND THE RAT—EAST SIDE.

established near Aldershot, in England, the [school] of Farnborough, which has rivalled in its comparatively brief career the best achievements of the French houses. Farnborough has always numbered among its pupils members of the titled nobility of England. The Empress Eugenie has been its special patron, presiding at its Commencement Exercises and awarding three prizes for excellence each year. Here the Order has recruited a splendid force of English-born members, thus combining in its faculty the best traditions of the two nations.

The Reverend Mother's ambitions for her Order included an American colony as well. Accordingly, she came to America and made a thorough study of the field. She made minor foundations in Massachussetts but she was not satisfied that she had discovered the ideal location for a school of the high order she planned, until a providential succession of accidents brought her to Asheville: with characteristic prudence and energy, she tested the situation with a minor school, favorably and widely known as Hillside Convent.

When the sisters became familiar with Asheville, they hesitated no longer. Here is the metropolis of America's all-the-year-round playground,—an empire of mountains, forest and streams, even now being fixed by Government as the Appalachian Forest Reserve, for the perpetual conservation of nature's most beautiful and health-bringing gifts to man. From Asheville, railways and macadamized roads radiate to a constantly growing number of sylvan colonies, each exploiting some new charm of the mountain region. This territory is the summer home of Atlanta, New Orleans and all the South, and is equally the winter home of New York, New England and the West. Quite recently the United States Government, after

NEAR TOP OF PISGAH—WEST SIDE.

having carefully examined several places, has selected Asheville for its Summer Military Camp, thus proving the superiority of its climate.

In 1910 the Order purchased the Victoria Inn, surmounting the highest crest between Asheville and Biltmore, and commanding an unrivalled panorama of the Asheville basin, hemmed in by its countless peaks. The great Vanderbilt Estate of Biltmore, and the Pisgah group, stretch away from the foot of the hill on which the school stands. Generous sums were expended in remodeling the Inn for school purposes, but nothing was done to diminish the hospitable, homelike qualities of the Inn's spacious foyers, ball-room and broad verandas. The Inn has eighty private apartments, many with private baths attached.

The surrounding landscape viewed from St. Genevieve's is indeed beautiful. the College being among the picturesque mountains of Western North Carolina, the thickly-wooded Blue Ridge. Thus environed with every charm of nature, the pupils cannot but be inspired with that love of the ideal which has so great a power in the formation of a noble character. With regard to the climate, it is a well-known fact that it cannot be surpassed, for is not Asheville the "Nice of the New World" in the "Land of the Sky"?

The college grounds adjoin the famous Vanderbilt Estate. The school occupies the center of an extensive campus, which insures ample space for all kinds of open-air games and exercises,—a most important consideration in the education of young women. The entire plant with its up-to-date appointments and equipments possesses within itself a most important educational value. The location is favorable for study, health and comfort. Conveniently near, yet away from the noise, dust and distrac-

tion of the city, the student has all the advantages and conveniences of the town and all the quiet and freedom of the country.

St. Genevieve's full staff of teachers are from Farnborough and the Continent. Twenty-five teachers insure the individual attention in the class-room and intimate companionship at all times. this being one of the most excellent features of this kind of education. These teachers hold one or more degrees in European or American Universities,—some from Bryn Mawr as well as from Oxford, (England) and the Continent. German and French are taught by thoroughly qualified natives, and the same might be very significantly said of the English language as well. From music and mathematics to household economics and sewing, the ground is well covered. The English custom of five meals a day and liberal interspersion of picnics and entertainments within the school give the life another old-world flavor that endears it to the pupils.

St. Genevieve's is distinctly a Catholic institution, nevertheless students of all denominations are admitted and their opinions respected. They are not asked to study Catholic Christian Doctrine and they may use their own books of devotion. For the maintenance of order, all are required to be present at the morning and evening prayers. The students are obliged to go to their respective churches on Sundays; two special chaperones accompany them to the different places of worship. Only in cases of illness or severe weather are they dispensed from this spiritual duty. Catholic students are carefully instructed in their religion.

The great aim of St. Genevieve's is to offer to young women unsurpassed opportunities and facilities for broad and deep culture, careful and exact training through a liberal education under Christian influences.

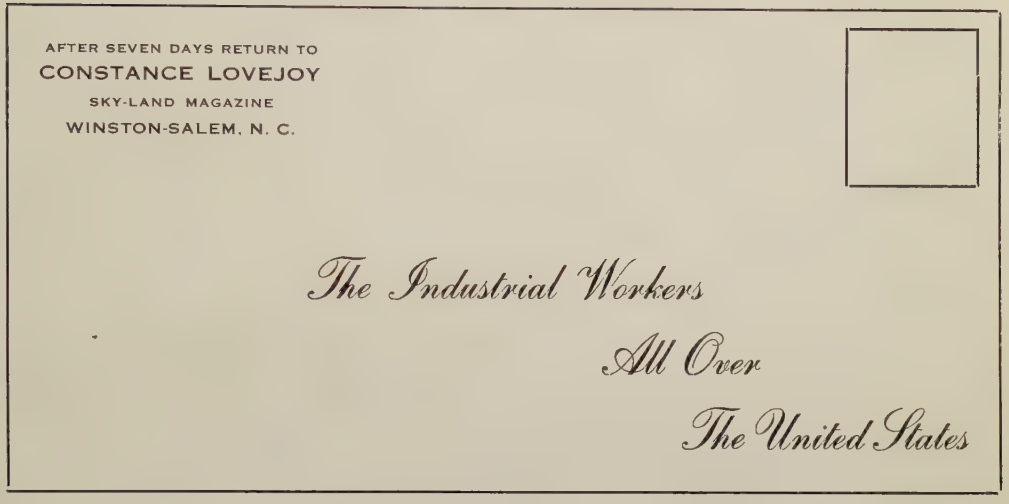
The education which the College wishes to impart is that which procures the harmonious development of the entire woman. It is complete and embraces body, intellect and will, knowledge of duty, religious and virtuous habits. The greatest care is taken to instil into the minds of the students those lofty principles of Christian morality which will make them feel at all times that right conduct is essential to womanhood. A supervision modeled after that which exists in every well-regulated family is exercised in all the departments The sisters, whose lives are devoted exclusively to the education of girls, live with the students, and the intimate relations which arise from this intercourse is a most powerful factor in developing good qualities and in curbing unworhty tendencies in the young.

To send forth to the world religious women of sound judgment, of good intellect, of upright conscience, is the constant thought of the sisters. High-toned morality is the atmosphere the girl breathes; it illuminates what is noble and exposes what is base, giving to the true and the false their relative light and shade.

The College of St. Genevieve is already a success and gives promise of a brilliant and distinguished future.

"Sweet be the song for you that Christmas sings,
And every prospect joyous that it brings."

THE INDUSTRIAL WORKER'S OWN POSTOFFICE



Winston-Salem, N. C., Dec. 10, 1914.

My dear friends:—

My Christmas would be spoiled if I did not pause long enough in the mad holiday rush to pass a loving word of greeting along to each of you, and so I have crowded other pressing matters in the background this evening that I may have a little Christmas chat with my friends, The Industrial Workers.

First of all I would speed across the miles that separate us "the old, old wish though ever new—'A Merry Christmas to you.' " I would go even further, I would wish you the very happiest and best and most soul-satisfying Christmas you have ever known. This may sound like a Big Wish, and so it is, a Big Wish that we can make come true in our own particular case if we but try. Now some of you may be a wee bit doubtful as to this, for it may be that you are experiencing some bitter disappointment or are carrying some financial or domestic burden which has grown so heavy that you have become discouraged beyond hope of getting anything out of Christmas at all; or sadder still perhaps, the Death Angel has visited your home the past year and taken from your fireside some loved one, and your heart is so heavy with grief that you dread to even think of Christmas. Really when we pause to consider, we find that nearly every human soul who has reached manhood or womanhood carries some sorrow or secret burden with few exceptions. The world may not always have knowledge of it, but it is there just the same gnawing away at the heart strings with stubborn persistency. And it is to those of you, my dear friends, who may belong to this class that I especially long to bring a message of hope and good cheer. It is very hard to crush down our troubles when they weigh upon us so heavily that we could cry

out from sheer pain,—yet it is a brave and a wise thing withal to lose sight of self, and summoning every ounce of will power at out command, fight back the troubles that oppress us. I think the easiest way to accomplish this end is just to help carry someone else's burden which happens to be a little heavier than our own. It is hard to smile when the tears are dangerously near our eyelids; nor is it always easy to speak a word of encouragement, or render some helpful act when we ourselves are discouraged to the point of giving up the battle, but the oftener we try it the easier it becomes, and the easement it gives the pain in our own hearts—the peace which follows, is well worth the effort. In reality, paradoxical though it may sound, our own burden grows strangely lighter when we help to carry that of another. Suppose we try the experiment during the ensuing holidays and if we persist faithfully in it, I am positive, though impossible it may now seem, that we shall realize the Big Wish, in other words that we shall have the best, the happiest and most-soul-satisfying Christmas we ever have had since the truest joy that comes to us is that which comes through service to others.

And it may be just as well to bear in mind that though the way may seem dark today there is light ahead. You have doubtless noticed how overcast the skies sometimes become—black clouds everywhere, no light, even the stars are obscured by the blackness. You have also doubtless noticed that if you kept your eyes turned faithfully to the places where the stars were wont to appear, after awhile you would catch a glimmer of light. the clouds would gradually disperse and you would find the stars still shining in all their glory even though they were for awhile obscured. In this connection a little verse occurs to my mind which I think very beautiful and shall therefore pass on to you:

"Keep a smile on your lips, it is better
To joyfully, hopefully try
For the thing you would gain than to fetter
Your life with a moan and a sigh.
There are clouds in the firmament ever
The beauty of Heaven to mar,
But night so profound there is never
But somewhere is shining a star."

Even so, if we but smilingly and patiently watch for the stars, after awhile the darkness and clouds of our sorrows and trials shall pass away.

You have perhaps noticed in our past correspondence what a rambling way I have of jumping from one subject to another. You see I like to be truly conversational in my letters and as an idea comes into my head I am very prone to jot it down without any regard whatsoever for the way it may look in print, or the relation it may sustain, if any, to what I have just written. In keeping with this unconventional style, I shall now jump from the subject of our cares and heartaches and one way of mastering them—to Christmas observance.

A great many people, I think, have the wrong definition of Christmas in their heads. Indeed I believe some people's ideas of Christmas observance are both foolish and wicked. There are some who spend money extravagantly and unwisely at this time—money they cannot really afford to spend. They seem to feel the occasion demands that their children be over-loaded with presents, when, if they would but pause to consider, the child's enjoyment would be much keener, his appreciation much finer if he had fewer and less expensive toys. I remember seeing a certain little boy so over-burdened with toys one Christmas morning that in boredom, or self-defense, whichever you choose to call it, he took a small hatchet and

smashed all but one toy engine which seemed to hold his interest and afford his mechanical brain some degree of pleasure. It made my heart bleed—this ruthless destruction, the misspent money it represented and the injurious and selfish indulgence on the part of his parents whom he had unwittingly given such a rude shock. I happened to know of little children a mile from that home whose stockings, hung up in childish faith, were empty that Christmas morning, and whose mother later in the day confessed to me that she had left the room, with the tears coursing down her cheeks, to keep from witnessing the disappointment in the surprised and pained little faces at the pitiful revelation. If we must over-load the children of our households with expensive gifts and thereby foster in them extravagant tastes, robbing them of the keen enjoyment they would experience but for the over-indulgence, it would seem well to persuade them to share their new toys—not the wornout castaways they no longer care for—with some unfortunate child who is likely to be overlooked. They would thus be taught the sweetness of true giving, the nobility of self-sacrifice. Speaking of extravagant giving, I once knew a family who had to pinch the year round to provide themselves with the common necessities of life, yet when Christmas came they bought loads of expensive and useless presents for each other, for which they either went in debt or else did without the practical things they very much stood in need of. The custom of giving is beautiful, but I think it should be tempered with moderation and indulged according to our means.

To my mind the most useless waste of money indulged in at Christmas is in the great amount spent for fireworks. Sifted down, there is really not much to fireworks after all taking into consideration the money burnt up in them and the danger one incurs from the explosives. Nor is the pleasure which comes from them sufficiently lasting. Only during the brief while they are spluttering or shooting their red tongues of flames and myriad sparks across the sky do we experience a momentary thrill of pleasure. Out they go and with the end of their short career the moment of fleeting pleasure is past. And often, alas too often, they leave sorrow and destruction in their wake. How often some precious child loses an eye or a hand from careless handling of the explosive. Occasionally even a greater tragedy is the result when the little one's clothing becomes ignited and he pays the penalty with a horrible death. And of no mean consideration is the valuable property often destroyed.

Nowhere in the Bible are we taught that the birth of the Christ child was celebrated with indecent revelry and deafening noise. Dignity, tranquility, peace marked the conditions surrounding the coming of the heavenly babe—

> "While shepherds watched their flocks
> by night
> All seated on the ground,
> The Angel of the Lord came down,
> And glory shone around.
> 'Fear not' said he, for mighty dread
> Had seized their troubled mind,
> 'Glad tidings of great joy I bring
> To you and all mankind."

That the sacredness of this most sacred of all anniversaries is marred by nerve-racking, horse-scaring, hideous noise-making devices oftimes in the hands of grown-ups as well as children seems both unnatural and sacrilegious.

It would seem high time to curb the small boy's propensity in this direction and provide him with some safer, saner means of gratifying his normal, pleasure-loving tastes.

There are some who take another way of celebrating our Lord's birthday which is more deplorable perhaps than all others. I have reference to those who spend the day in drunkenness and revelry. I could cite numerous cases who thus disgrace themselves and bring humiliation and heartache to their families, but I have no desire to present so dark a picture in this, my Christmas letter. Instead I would bring before your mind's eye a happier one by way of contrast. It is the picture of a little mill village in this State where live nearly two thousand operatives—as fine a type as I have ever met. The scene is Christmas of last year—the faces the entire group of operatives spending the day quietly and happily by their own fireside or with their friends, busily exchanging gifts and good wishes. Study the group. Not a face has the slightest mark of dissipation upon it. And the best part of all is that the picture is true of that mill and those operatives. What a fine record! And are you surprised that my heart swells with pride and admiration for those dear people as I write these words? I trust all the mills may have the same fine record to offer this year. But to hasten on:

I would like to talk to you a little while on the subject of giving. While there are some who make Christmas a very beautiful occasion by acts of thoughtfulness and unselfish giving, there are others who make of it a time of greed and selfishness. Their minds seem more intent upon what they desire to receive than upon what they desire to give. Sometimes they sadly embarrass their friends by letting them know in advance the kind of gift they expect from them and oftentimes it costs more than the giver can really afford. Again there be those who only give where they expect to receive. Real joy comes not from this kind of giving. The sweetest of all joy comes from bestowing our gifts upon those unfortunates who are apt to be neglected and from whom we can expect nothing in return. If we ourselves have not much of this world's goods, we can at least make some sacrifice and share with those who have less. If we find this impossible we can certainly give our kind words, our smiles, our sympathy and encouragement. Sometimes these gifts are even more precious in the sight of a sorrowing, discouraged soul than the most extravagant present. The gift I most cherished among a lovely collection one Christmas was a tiny sprig of holly tied with a strand of red yarn to a little slip of writing paper on which was written in pencil a message just brimful of loving, kindly thought. The gift, all that she had to give, came from a dear old lady who had once been wealthy, but through a series of misfortunes had lost all. Moreover she had been bereaved of both husband and children. That Christmas found her homeless and penniless, but rich in undying faith in her God and a bravery that bordered on heroism. As she quaintly expressed it she "just kept on smiling through the clouds, and trusting her dear Heavenly Father, knowing that all would yet be well." Thus she went smilingly through the holidays, smothering the tragedy in her heart, nursing somebody's sick, caring for somebody's fretful baby, stirring somebody's fruit cake, rejoicing in somebody's happiness, sympathizing with somebody's sorrow—just lending a helping hand wherever a helping hand was needed. The day before Christmas, a very cold one, she slipped away without telling anyone and tramped through the woods for miles around the little town where she lived in search of the bright berried holly, which she later

tied in separate sprigs with the red yarn to the little slip of writing paper with a distinctive message to suit the individual need of each of her friends, and left hanging on their doorknobs. She was quite old and the harsdhips she endured out in the cold woods that day, the effort she had made to bring some little remembrance to her friends, penniless though she was, was to me a beautiful example of noble self-sacrifice and loving service for others, and rendered the gift doubly precious. The pleasure her simple token of love and good will brought to her friends gave her so much real joy that notwithstanding her heavy cross, she realized the Big Wish of which I have been writing. You see it is not so much what we give, but the spirit in which we give it, that makes the gift worth while.

And now my good-night wish for you is that, like the old lady, you too may each realize the Big Wish upon the glad occasion we so soon shall celebrate.

Sincerely your friend,

CONSTANCE LOVEJOY.

OLD WINTER

(By Minna Irving)

Where gypsy Autumn sat alone
Beside the sumac's flame,
Old Winter with his frosty beard
In haste a-wooing came.

He told me of his palaces,
Among the Northern snows,
Where like a bonfire in the sky,
The bright aurora glows.

Then she took off her crimson cloak,
And doffed her russet shoes,
And left her yellow petticoat
Upon the frozen dews.

And now behold her as she stands
Arrayed in all the pride
Of snowy satin, lace and pearls,
King Winter's royal bride.

WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA

A History

(FROM 1730 TO 1913)

By John Preston Arthur

This volume, by Mr. John P. Arthur, a distinguished member of the Asheville Bar, deals with the history of that portion of North Carolina lying between the Blue Ridge Mountains and the North Carolina-Tennessee and Georgia boundary line, embracng the following counties: Buncombe, Ashe, Haywood, Macon, Yancey, Henderson, Graham, Cherokee, Watauga, Swain, Avery, Polk, Jackson, Madison, Alleghany, Mitchell, Transylvania, and Clay.

The book is written largely from original sources, and deals with a section of North Carolina the history of which is but little known. Mr. Arthur has thrown much new light on this interesting section and its people.

The work is published by the Edward Buncombe Chapter, D. A. R., of Asheville. It is from the presses of the Edwards & Broughton Printing Company, of Raleigh. It contains twelve full page cuts of prominent men of Western North Carolina, as follows: John P. Arthur, Robert Henry, James Love, A. C. Avery, A. S. Merrimon, A. T. Davidson, J. L. Bailey, D. L. Swain, Nicholas W. Woodfin, William H. Thomas, J. G. Martin, and Z. B. Vance. It is thoroughly indexed.

North Carolina Historical Commission

Office of the Secretary

Raleigh, November 4, 1914.

I have read with great interest Arthur's "Western North Carolina: A History, from 1730 to 1913." It is a valuable and much needed contribution to the history of North Carolina, full of historical data that have heretofore been inaccessible to students, entertainingly presented. I have already found it of great service in my own work, finding in it information for which I had long been searching in vain. Western North Carolina at last has a history worthy of its past and present greatness.

R. D. W. Connor,
Secretary of the North Carolina
Historical Commission

Ashe's History of North Carolina

MR. S. A'C. ASHE'S history of North Carolina is the most invaluable historical work that has been written in North Carolina, covering the Colonial and Revolutionary periods from 1584-1783. It is valued on account of its accuracy, and interesting because it is the true story of our people. Williamson's history appeared in 1812, and only embraced a period ending with the beginning of the Revolution, while Martin's ,which was published in 1829, ended about 1774. Wheeler's was a compliation of facts, with a brief sketch of each County, and is not a history. Then there is Moore's; but all of these were given to the public long before the Colonial Records were published. Captain Ashe has produced the only History of the people, based on the best authorities—North Carolina's Colonial Records.

Space forbids a criticism of this priceless contribution to our historical collection which has appeared since the historical awakening in the Old North State. The second volume, the public awaits with eager interest.

Below are given some of the opinions expressed by numerous scholars.

Opinions of Scholars.

"A very scholarly work."—F. P. Venable, President University of North Carolina.

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The Master of the Red Buck and the Bay Doe.

By William Laurie Hill

THE Master of the Red Buck and the Bay Doe is a story of Whig and Tory warfare in North Carolina, in 1781-1783, by William Laurie Hill. This historical romance portrays the troublous times in Chatham County, North Carolina, near the close of the American Revolution. Such incidents as the capture of Governor Burke at Hillsboro, the battle of Cane Creek, and the siege of Yorktown are graphically described. The odd title of the book is derived from the important part played by two fine horses owned by the notorious Tory, David Fanning, called "The Red Buck" and "The Bay Doe." The book reproduces faithfully the atmosphere of the period in which these stirring events occurred. It serves to emphasize the rapid progress of invention and science, as we contemplate the primitive condition in which the people of that period lived—no railroads, no telephone, no telegraph, and none of the modern conveniences so common everywhere today.

"Christmas is indeed the season of regenerated feeling—the season for kindling, not merely the fire of hospitality in the hall, but the genial flame of charity in the heart."

THE CHANGING DRAMA

An Epochal and Pioneer Work of Literary Criticism

By Archibald Henderson

Mr. Henderson's book deserves the attention of all students of the modern drama. It is the first adequate survey of that drama's linked conscious effort, the world over, to hold up the mirror to our new consciousness of individual freedom and of collective social responsibility for injustice and evil. The modern drama, as much as literature, of which the printed play is again making it a part, is international. What Shaw says to-day, Budapest hears to-morrow; what Hauptmann depicts New York reads in translation without delay; the world's drama is common property the moment it appears. And, since all the world is struggling with very much the same problems and towards the same ends, its drama, whatever the country of its origin, is understandable and may be of service to all.

It is from the evolutionary point of view that Mr. Henderson deals with his vast subject, following the methods of the scientists with ingenious use of their terminology as well. He finds the Dutch botanist De Vries's theory of mutation most applicable, is fond of such words as "cross-fertilization", and, on the whole, succeeds by the use of such terms in making his own subject clearer and more interesting, since they apply to the process of dramatic evolution with arresting accuracy. His point of departure is, of course, Ibsen; his survey ranges across the Old World to the New, neglecting neither the Holland of Heijermans, nor the Denmark of Hjalmar Bergstrom, the Italy of Giacosa or the Spain of Ehcegaray, on the way from Tolstoy, Gorky and Andreyev to Brieux, Hervieu, Shaw, Pinero, Barker, Galsworthy and our own young dramatists with a purpose. It is of necessity largely a drama of social pathology, a new drama requiring a new technique. The famous unities went by the board long ago, but Mr. Henderson pays them the tribute of holding an inquest over them. That this new drama calls for a new criticism is evident. What our author has to say on this subject is, like the rest of his book, full of meat.

One may not agree with him on the subject of the overwhelming influence which this new drama is destined to exert upon our individual and collective evolution; there are many arguments to sustain the claim that many high hopes are doomed to disappointment; but as a study of dramatic history in the making and its result during the last sixty years the book is of uncommon interest. It presents the mature, well-packed fruit of an amazing amount of reading and reflection. It is not only the first book in its field; in the completeness of its scope, the scholarly, well-balanced thoroughness of the treatment of its material it is likely to remain the standard work as well for some time to come. It is one of the small number of books on the modern drama which the serious student cannot afford to leave unread.—New York Tribune.

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